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THE COMBAT FOR THE FAITH.

THE FIELD-INGERSOLL-GLADSTONE CONTROVERSY.

THE REAL ISSUES.

To ATTACK a subject having the proportions of this Discussion in the few hours and paragraphs allowed for the undertaking seems to me like bombarding the English navy with a pebble from David's sling. Proportion is no less sacred in the symposium of a modern Review than in other things, and I confess to a sense of the futility of my task which well-nigh cripples me of the muscle for it.

The first thing which impresses me in the discussion between the Presbyterian clergyman, the American infidel and the English Premier is that there has been an extraordinary waste of nerve tissue in the whole business. Controversial literature has its history, like other phases of art, and that history has taught us respect for the dignity, severity, and economy of form. These qualities are not present throughout this discussion. They are, in portions, conspicuously absent. It is a controversy of impulse rather than of systems. It has, on the whole, the character of a table-talk rather than of a debate. It lacks the forensic stateliness which belongs to a subject of ultimate importance when approached by important minds. It is needless to particularize whereabouts

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in the discussion one may find the absence or presence of due intellectual dignity. Evidences of both are only too apparent. Dignity is always an argument in itself, it lends a beautiful force, like that of delicate machinery, to those perfected arguments which it weaves.

The man who keeps his temper; who avoids invective as a distinguished American gentleman for forty years avoided audible sneezing; who has no more taste for superficiality and sophistry than a ship-wrecked sailor for a polka; who curbs passion into persuasions, and the license of rhetoric into the liberty of logic—such a man carries the presumption of favor for his case in so far as he is such a man; and he ought to.

The treasure of the Christian faith is not of a kind to be borne away from us by intellectual burglary.

In the next place I am reminded of the comment made on the Concord School of Philosophy by one of the keen newspaper men who have made American wit a modern discovery. The Concord students spent their time, he said, in trying to scrute the inscrutable and poss the impossible. The controversy in which Colonel Ingersoll has been the defendant is, I venture to say, not upon his part alone, an attempt to poss the impossible. Tactically considered, the discussion has to a marked extent followed that simple military expedient known as "firing wild." It strikes me that the chief reason for this is one for which no individual party to the encounter can be held responsible; least of all, the distinguished statesman whose scholarship, dignity, and repose have given value to the conflict if they have not won the day.

Is not the main trouble with the discussion the absence of definition? Really, when we come to look at it, there is no such thing postulated between the opponents. The simplest conditions of controversy are disregarded from the start. There are no common terms.

It is easy to ask, How can there be any? What can there be? Between a mind which finds it natural to call Heaven a poor-house and Jehovah an eternal turnkey, and the mind of a devout believer in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, where is the common term?

True, it may be a matter of the subtlest difficulty to find one; it may even seem to be past finding out; but for controversial purposes it is no less necessary for that. Without it there should

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be no more serious war of words urged between Christianity and the "modern improvements" in unbelief, than there could be, at a similar disadvantage, between Fichte and Schopenhauer.

Without the common terms, without the mutual definitions, without the first condition of intellectual combat—why spend powder and shot and blood? Why fight at all, to leave the field unconquered and unheld, dimmed with smoke and dust, turbulent with outcry, and piteous with tears?

It seems to me that just here lies the chief mistake of much of our present conflict between faith and skepticism. When all is said, it comes to this: We fire too much at random. We do not insist on our first premise. We spend ourselves on defective conditions. It is an age which pre-eminently requires precision of terms. It is the time of exact thought. It is the time when no defender of the Christian faith can dare to enter a helter-skelter fight for it. It is the time of times when he owes it to that faith to demand of its foes every justice, every courtesy, every consistency which the common consent of scholarship grants to controversy in all other departments of thought. It is a time when any believer and any agnostic who choose to discuss the Christian religion must begin by postulating of something, somewhere—

"*Here* is our common ground; though it be no more than a geometrical point can cover. Stand on it. Now, where next?" Otherwise the disputants may better go play tennis, in the long run.

It is necessary to say distinctly, for the truth's sake and one's own, that no replies to the position of Colonel Ingersoll can be offered in these crowded paragraphs. All that is possible in this space is to suggest that there are a few points on which it would seem practicable to find common ground, even between minds so diversely constructed as those of the three controversialists in the recent discussion.

The historic fact of anachronism in creeds is one of these points. Creeds are always behind beliefs.

Religious progress always gets the start of the Ecclesiastical Council. The faith of one age becomes the creed of the next. The progress of truth is geologic, it is to be measured from the fossils to the forming crystal, but he is a poor student who mistakes the fossil for the crystal; as we plainly see. Anachronism in creeds is

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a fact to be admitted, and to be counted upon in all discussion which finds it necessary to view truth through the lenses of ecclesiastical formulation. This fact is as simple and as inevitable as changes in orthography, etymology, philosophy, science. All other forms of truth are subject to the law of variation in progress. Religious belief is no exception. This should be postulated. It should be a common term.

It might be well, also, to urge, if one had space to be urgent, that the margin of mystery in human thought and fact is large and universal. Frederick Robertson, when asked why a benevolent God could make a world of sin and misery, replied: "He is the wisest man who answers, 'I do not know.'" The greatest scientific genius of the age, one of the greatest of all ages, has been unable to fit the missing link to the superb and convincing chain of inductive reasoning involved in the theory of evolution.

The unbeliever who does not know why the sun sets, or why his children love him, or how his heart beats, or wherefore the tide turns, may be contented to concede this common term: The larger the truth the larger the mystery.

We may be peremptory to demand of him: If you cannot tell us why the spider beneath your foot stops forever if you step on it, how can you expect us to explain the private reasons of the Almighty for his public acts?

There is one other condition of satisfactory discussion upon a topic as tremendous as that involved, which I humbly venture to suggest as worth consideration. I refer to the common ground of sufficient equipment. The scholarship of the subject is the least which we have the right to demand of a man who thrusts himself before the world as a destroyer of the dearest hope which the heart of the world contains, or which the consecrated intelligence of the world has justified. In respect to equipment, it is but fair to remind ourselves that there has been no natural selection for this encounter.

Where are the specialists of the occasion? Where are the experts in exegesis? in theology? in the most practical and renowned successes of the ministry of the living faith? Admit that Colonel Ingersoll is not alone in respect to deficiency of equipment for a debate of such lofty and such solemn character; this scarcely varies the charge, so far as his peculiar relation to the subject is concerned. A man should be well assured of what he

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has in it, to start with, who knocks his head against the most valuable faith of the human race. Pungent thought he has; brilliant fancy; cogent passion; magnificent rhetoric. Logic he has not. In biblical scholarship he is a generation, at least, behind his times. He is without any which qualifies him or justifies him for his foray against the Christianity of his age.

To be a professional assassin of eternal hope, one would say, a man should know enough of his weapon to select the most recent inventions and to put himself under some cultivated training in the use of them. No one can doubt that Colonel Ingersoll is quite capable of doing both of these things. The point to be noted is, that he has not taken the trouble to do them.

But, after all "words, words, words" were said and sorrowed over, would not this remain the simplest, strongest fact in the whole matter—that the most necessary common term of all possible to religious controversy, and the one most nearly impossible to command, is the delicate and old-fashioned one of spiritual sympathy?

God is a Spirit. By Spirit He is to be apprehended. They that worship, worship in Spirit. He must be loved, to be understood. He is not so unlike other objects of affection in this, after all.

His methods are mysteries. Large love is always a mystery. Trust is a premise in the syllogism of personal belief. The severer the test of love the more precious the possession. To Christian believers God is too precious to be given up, because, in brief, the Bible is a book requiring a more scholarly, a more candid, and a more trustful interpretation than any to which the unbeliever of this discussion has had his attention drawn.

Difficulties in exegesis cannot rob us of actualities in our spiritual history. Personal dearness is our sweet and powerful *præjudicium* in God's behalf. Like all love, it is an argument. Like all experience, it teaches. Like other developments, it develops. Logically considered, the most serious difficulty with the brilliant scoffer of this conflict is, that he does not bring to it the prime condition of spiritual education which is as necessary to religious debate as syntax to a classical oration.

"Ye were dead to things ye knew not of."

Let him meet us, though afar off, in the common term of the

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spiritual nature. Though he possess it only in the most rudimentary stage, let him recognize that rudiment. It would serve us well on both sides, in the long and loving effort to reach the eternal conclusion which he seeks most wisely who *wishes* to find it. It is possible, results might prove that the Atheist is not the only good father in the scheme of things. It is not impossible that even the Almighty might be found qualified to vie with him in the parental virtues. Without this simply common ground of respect for the truth in question, how can we—God teach us all! —how can we ever "reason together" of Him or His?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION.

MR. GLADSTONE recognizes that "the moral history of man, in its principal stream, has been distinctly an evolution from the first until now." This recognition of evolution in morals should suggest that in regard to doctrine also, the other branch of religion, and therefore in regard to religion as a whole, the history of man has been from the first until now distinctly an evolution. Mr. Gladstone's recognition of evolution in morals is in reality an admission, and entirely inconsistent (could he but see it) with the old belief which he professes still to entertain, that the moral nature of man was a definite gift, good at first but early impaired, not by a process of evolution, but as the result of the definite action of man's first parents. The admission is doubtless just. I shall here assume it to be such, because there is no space for the adequate discussion of its validity.* And I shall further assume that the religions of all races have been evolved—not revealed in full, if revealed at all.

*A separate article would be required, or rather a series, for the discussion of the true relations of religion and science. Already in the columns of *Knowledge* I have entered on this discussion, proposing to show that the religion of each age, each race, each individual man, has ever been the outcome of such knowledge as each age, each race, each individual has possessed. So far from being the enemy of religion, science or knowledge is religion's parent. If the offspring is defective it is because of the parent's imperfections. If the science of to-day having advanced beyond the science of old times, can beget a purer and better religion, it must nevertheless not forget that the religions of old times were the offspring of such knowledge as men in those days thought they had. But on the other hand, it is to be remembered, that though science may seem to oppose certain religious dogmas, she has always begun by opposing the false science on which they were originally based.

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I know not how the evolution of religion can be considered otherwise than in a profoundly religious spirit. The thoughtful mind must contemplate with feelings of awe man's relations with the ineffable mystery residing behind phenomena. Yet a feeling of "reverential calm" appropriate in the presence of the thoughts of this infinite mystery is not desirable when superstitious ideas about it, only respectable because of their antiquity, are in question. Nay, reverential calm in dealing with teachings about the Godhead which (fondly claiming to be based on knowledge) are in reality blasphemous, is essentially irreverent. If, for instance, Colonel Ingersoll is right in his contention that in these days when better and purer moral ideas have been evolved, the common teachings about Jehovah are an insult alike to God and man, his assaults upon those teachings, whether conducted by sarcasm, by raillery, or by earnest rebuke, are akin to that anger of which it has been said that those who are moved by it "do well to be angry."

Premising that it argues something of weakness to attack Colonel Ingersoll's zeal, *quâ* zeal, instead of considering his objections, yet his zeal has been constantly rebuked while his objections have been scarcely ever met; and I may remark that there seems to me one mistake in his attacks on the common teachings respecting Jehovah. Granting that these teachings are inconsistent with the evolved religion of to-day, granting that viewed according to the ideas of to-day alike about justice and right, mercy and loving-kindness, they are insulting to the Deity; they were, nevertheless, not foolish, nor offensive, nor wicked in the days when they were originally taught. By his unreadiness to place himself in the position of those old believers, who regarded God as a being to be propitiated like the rulers and chiefs they feared, Colonel Ingersoll gives his opponents an opportunity to divert the argument from the real issue. A deity who required the sacrifice of the innocent child of a brave man as a propitiation for the offences of others, or as a satisfaction in any way to himself, is, doubtless, a conception utterly hateful to us; nay, one which we can hardly imagine as occurring to reasonable beings. But the very fact that this conception was once general, and was held unquestioningly by the best men of those days, should lead us to be very careful how we judge by our standards of right the actions of men who were able to form no higher conception of deity. A god requiring from Jephthah his young daughter's life

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is doubtless for us a monstrous conception; believers in a personal Devil could hardly conceive a devil more evil than such a deity seems to a loving and beloved father like our earnest and warm-hearted Colonel, but to a race recognizing the god of nature as a being requiring sacrifice, and taking men's dearest and best, whether offered or not, as if loving to slay, the action of a Jephthah in offering his best and dearest (or risking so much) for the sake of his people must have seemed worthy of all praise. If we applaud the Spartan mother who was ready to see son after son fall in defense of her country and theirs, who could say to the last and dearest of them, that rather than he should fling his shield away in flight, she hoped he would be brought back upon it dead to her arms, we must in justice recognize the devotion of the warrior-judge to his people, who, to propitiate the favor of Jehovah for them, made a rash vow, and fulfilled it by the sacrifice of his only child.

Doubtless it is intensely saddening to picture a people so low in moral development as the people must have been who made it an ordinance that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was to be celebrated four days in every year. One would be glad to rejoice in the non-Semitic descent of our race, were it not that we find Agamemnon similarly sacrificing Iphigenia, and kindred sacrifices recorded among our own more immediate ancestry, the Teutons and the Norsemen. We are disposed to welcome the dealers in mythic lore who tell us that Jephthah (or Yiphtâch, the *Opener*) is the sun (or *First-born*) who sacrifices his daughter (the sunset-sky) when she comes forth at dawn (as the sun-rise sky) to welcome his return after conquering his enemies—only to be slain by her father as with his advance the ruddy light of sunrise disappears. We learn gladly that another Semitic "Opener," the Libyan sun god Aptûchos, or Ἀπτοῦχος (we only have the Greek form), was really the same sun as Yiphtâch, or Jephthah; and that Abraham's intended sacrifice of Isaac is only another myth, telling how Abh Râm, the *Lofty Father*, kills his son (יִצְחָק) Yischâk, the *Laugher*, or the *Bright* (that is, how night killed its offspring, the sun); only, as history could not (whereas a sun-myth very well *could*) speak of the slain as restored to life, the Hebrew record, as eventually preserved for "the chosen people," pictures Isaac as saved through a vicarious sacrifice.

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But we cannot escape the certain conclusion that whether they were relating historic facts or borrowing myths, the writers of the Pentateuch, Joshua and Judges, addressed a race as yet scarce emerged from savagery, and themselves accepted the hideous ideas of deity which they promulgated among their people. Though we must not call their teachings foolish or offensive or wicked for them, yet *in themselves and for us* those teachings are as hateful, as wicked, as blasphemous as they have been called (somewhat too generally) by Colonel Ingersoll. Mr. Gladstone cannot escape this by assuming an air of reverential calm. The Talmages and the Sam Joneses can no more silence the teachings of men's hearts by beating the drum-ecclesiastic than the priests who made hideous noises to dumb the cries of mothers when their first-born were immolated to Moloch could quench those mothers' tears, or by clamor still the beating of those mothers' hearts. It remains the simple fact that those to whom we owe the earliest Bible teachings about the Godhead, so far from being inspired to conceive of deity as almighty, allwise, and all-perfect, pictured a Being whose plans were constantly foiled, who was no wiser than they were themselves, and whose ways were as the ways of the worst and most brutal of the savage rulers they chiefly feared.

I can for my own part be patient with the poor savages who pictured gods savage and unreasoning as themselves; but I must confess I sympathize in my heart of hearts with Colonel Ingersoll when he loses all thought of reverential calm in contemplating the ways of men who in these days of a higher and purer morality can speak otherwise than with horror of the Being pictured as the God of Abraham, the God of Moses, and the God of Jephthah. Of what use is the evolution of morality if we are to hold by the teachings of the morality of savage times? And in what way shall men who love mercy, who as fathers seek their children's love, speak of a conception of the God which while calling Him Our Father pictures Him as mercilessly seeking His children's lives?

Where is the greater irreverence, in saying "These are God's words and therefore I will take them to heart, though they seem to present God as a terrible, nay horrible Being," or in saying, "These words picture God as cruel and unjust, therefore they *cannot* be God's words—it were blasphemy to deem them such?"

But the idea of sacrifice running through all the older among

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the Jewish books included in the Old Testament—seen equally in the reproduction or adoption of mythical stories, in the ceremonial law, and in the laws for the punishment of Sabbath breaking and so forth, shows us what was the real origin of the Jewish religion in which this idea of sacrifice remained always important and became eventually predominant. Nature-worship, that is the worship of powers supposed to be present in natural phenomena—in storm and tempest, earthquake, flood, and fire, in sea and land, in mountain and river, and later in sun and moon and stars, has always involved sacrifices intended either to please or to propitiate the gods of nature. In the Jewish stories of sacrifice we have the idea of the sun god's sacrifice of his own offspring, which seemed to teach that by sacrifice alone, and by sacrifice of the best and purest and most innocent, could deity be kept kindly disposed towards man, or be appeased when He had been offended. In the Jewish ceremonial we find the sacrifices to the evening and morning sun (propitiation to insure his return, and thanksgiving because he had returned), sacrifices to the returned moon, sacrifices with feasting and joy in honor of the year-god's passover or crossing of the equator on his way towards his full glory in the midsummer skies, sacrifices with fasting and sorrow for the year-god's approach to his descending passage of the equator on his way towards the cold and gloom of winter. In the laws for the punishment of those who failed to keep the sabbaths and new moons, the passover and the atonement, we find evidence of what has ever lain close by the root of all formal religion, and of all forms of religious intolerance, the fear lest the gods of nature worshiped and propitiated of old without doubt or hesitation should be offended by the misdoing of a few, or even but of one among the people and should therefore wreak vengeance (so disrespectfully did men then think of deity) on the whole race to which that one offender (or those few) belonged.

Within the limits of the Old Testament, however, we recognize the evolution of man's moral nature. We have but to compare the teaching of the first and greater Isaiah (chapters i. to xxxix.), with the teaching found in anybook or any chapter, from the opening of Genesis to the end of Chronicles, to recognize the development of a morality so much higher and so much purer, the recognition of a deity so much worthier of love and reverence, that we migh. imagine we had lit upon a preacher of a

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different race, a race as far in advance of the Israelitish race of old as the Caucasian is in advance of the Papuans of to-day. "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices to me," saith the Lord; . . . "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. . . . Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, . . . your appointed feasts, my soul hateth. . . . Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment (justice), relieve the oppressed, judge (seek justice for) the fatherless, plead for the widow." Here is religion that appeals to the heart of man, teaching good and not evil, approving the merciful, and rebuking—even as the tender-hearted Ingersoll rebukes "them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter," and so onwards, almost without a break to the end of the Hebrew Bible: "The Lord hath shown thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

But the idea of sacrifice (and especially of the sacrifice of innocent blood) as pleasing to God returned upon man in the later evolution of religion. For evolution tends not always towards advance. There was no Isaiah, or Amos, or Micah to preach more worthily of deity when the early Christians—somewhere about the end of the first century—began to load the religion, whose essential principles should be those taught in the Sermon on the Mount, with the old sacrificial doctrines, passing back even beyond the sacrificial teachings of the early Hebrews to the system originally belonging to sun worship. Whatever view men choose to take respecting the absolute parallelism between the doctrines and ceremonial of Christianity and the doctrines and ceremonial of ancient sun worship (a parallelism so striking that the Emperor Hadrian, in a letter written 137 A. D., described Christianity as the worship of Serapis)—whether we attribute it to the desire of the early Christians to harmonize their doctrines with those of surrounding nations, or regard it as an attempt at symbolism, or as indicating in the doctrines of sun worshipers a miraculous foreshadowing of the "Scheme of Redemption," or lastly take the simpler view which I have elsewhere advocated, the parallelism is there, perfect in every detail. The annual history of sun god as watched

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from the Pyramid observatory temples, is followed (in every detail) in those parts of the Ebionite gospel (Matthew), which even the Ebionites themselves rejected as mythical. Not more exactly was the ceremonial system of Serapis followed (to the bewilderment of Hadrian) by the Christians of Alexandria in the second century of the Christian era.

It is to this idea of a sacrifice-loving God that the failure of the tender and merciful teachings of Christianity to bring mercy and peace into the world must be chiefly attributed. It was "prophecy after the event" which caused an early Christian writer to put into the mouth of the Teacher of Peace the hard saying (which moves Col. Ingersoll to just warmth of indignation), "I came not to bring peace, but a sword into the world." The "Logia" of Matthew (much older than the rest of the gospel) show that the true Christian doctrine taught peace and self-sacrifice, love and mercy. We may be certain that the same lips did not say, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you *rest*," and "I came not to send peace, but a sword."

The process of evolution in religion is yet once more tending in these days, as in the days of the greater Isaiah, to bring unworthy ideas respecting deity into disfavor among men of just and merciful minds. But we must not expect "reverential calm" in such men. How can they be calm with what moves them to just wrath? How can they be reverential in the presence of what seems to them unworthy of reverence—worthy of the opposite of reverence? Did Isaiah treat the formal religion, the sacrificial system, and the insult to deity underlying it, with reverential calm? Nay, but he pictured the Lord Himself as full of anger, because "evil was called good, and good evil," and because justice and mercy and loving-kindness, replaced by ceremonial observances which were "an abomination unto Him." "'I will turn my hand upon thee,' saith the Lord, 'and thoroughly purge away thy dross, and will take away all thine alloy.'"

Colonel Ingersoll may have somewhat overlooked the pure metal in Bible teachings and in the Christian religion; but it has been the dross he has striven with zeal and earnestness (by no means with inappropriately reverential calm) to purge away, the worthless alloys he has endeavored to burn out with the fire of his fervid words.

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The time will come when the teachings, which seem to Mr. Gladstone wanting in reverence, will be more justly valued. Hypocrisies and cruelties, which are now regarded as the expression of religious fervor, will be seen in their true light, and utterances warm from a tender and generous heart against the cruelty and intolerance born of superstition, will be seen to be the expression of the truest reverence, to teach the worthiest religion of which man is capable. For that "pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father," which was taught in the first days of Christianity, was no other than what had been taught by Isaiah; nor can man advance beyond it. Should that religion ever be accepted by mankind generally the evolution of religion will have done its full work and reached its highest development.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

THE BIBLE IN THE CONTROVERSY.

THE story is told of Dr. James Freeman, minister for many years of Kings Chapel, in Boston, that, when a lady said to him once, Is it not a dreadful thing, sir, that this Abner Kneeland, the atheist, should go about the country lecturing as he does? Freeman answered promptly, No, madam; I think it is a good thing; and then went on to cite facts and instances in proof of his own conclusion; that the arguments made in support of atheism had always brought out so many new arguments on the other side, the side of faith, as to leave religion on a higher and more impregnable basis than it was before.

And I love to believe that this will be the final issue of the conflict started afresh in these times by our sturdy idoloclast from Illinois and transferred just now from the platform to the pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, where one feels bound to say it has been held so high above the usual level of such conflicts by the men on both sides—or shall we say at the three angles—and so free from all clamor and evil speaking, that I am reminded of a very noble saying of Lord Falkland, as I read what has been written so far, "I have always thought there should be as little bitterness in religious controversy as there is in a love letter, and that the contrary way is as void of Christian charity as it is of human wisdom."

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Bishop Wilberforce said once, "I have often heard about the milk of human kindness, but I was never able to identify the cow until I knew Jacobson." And I think of that saying also as I read these letters and papers, but with this distinction, that one could not have imagined it would flow forth at such a time and from the breasts of men engaged in such a battle; yet here is the milk of human kindness pouring in gentle and wholesome streams, and so one has to say that if no other worth should be found in the debate opened by Dr. Field, we may surely be glad for this: that we have seen how men standing so far apart in opinion and conviction have been able to write what one may fairly call *love letters* in religious controversy.

It is in this spirit I would try to say some word, by the editor's invitation, touching the conclusion of the whole matter so far, and will lose no time in saying I would like to touch the Bible for my theme, because, as it seems to me, this is the centre on which the questions in debate turn and return, each man resting his arguments in affirmation or denial so entirely on the book, by reason of Dr. Field's first letter, that we have to see at once if it could be taken out there would be no debate worth the name between these frank and free-spoken champions of religion on the one side, and infidelity—so-called—on the other.

And I would fain range myself also, so far as one may honestly do this who is compelled to believe as I do, on the side of the men who maintain the divine inspiration and authority of the Bible, because I accept this doctrine within what I take to be its true limitations, and gladly say with Carlyle, It is "the one book wherein for thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and a response to whatever was deepest in his heart;" and with another, that, "In all the world there is no such book beside, for the cottage window or the statesman's closet, the poet's instance or the orator's pattern, or the help of a man, or the inspiration of a race." It is related of George Peabody that when he was quite an old man, sitting in his office one day in London, a boy brought him a new testament for some purpose, I know not what; but the old man looking up, said: "My boy, you carry that book easily in your youth, but when you are as old as I am it must carry you." I have to confess to some such feeling in my own life, weighted now with many years. It is told of Dr. Adam Clarke also, that while he was writing his great and

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curious commentary on the Bible his table was loaded and cumbered with the books he must use; but when his work was done, these were all cleared away except one book, and then he said to his son: "See, my lad, the books are all done with and put away, and only the old Bible is left."

I can easily understand the old man's thought and feeling that this was more to him than the whole wealth of learning and inspiration beside, the old Bible, just as Shakespeare is more to what Mr. Gladstone rather daintily calls "The Reply" than any other man, and his book "the noblest ever written with a pen." It has been well said, indeed, that the man who knows no book but his Bible does not know his Bible; still no such thought can touch us when we look toward the grand old Methodist, or toward these defenders of the faith whose work is now in our hands. They are all men of many books, but this is to them just as it stands, *The Word of God*, the one book of a divine inspiration and authority, *The Bible*, and no doubt they will say with Milton, "There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics equal to those the Scriptures can teach us."

Nor can I think it is a fair argument against the ingrain worth of the book, as this must be touched for a moment apart from the question of its plenary inspiration and authority, that men should misuse it as they have done so often, any more than it is a fair argument against the ingrain worth of good corn or wheat that so much of it should be turned into whiskey. We have drawn from it the power to save men and to slay them, to establish peace and to mass artillery, and to be Christians of the noblest type and bigots of the direst. It is the text-book alike of your iron-clad Calvinism and your sunny and most generous Universalism, and the volume in which the Quaker finds food for his quietness, and your Millerite of all brands for his craze. It was the corner-stone of the great Puritan foundation which underlies our nation's life, it was also the book from which the Puritan drew his infernal power to hang the Quakers, whip and banish the Baptists, and to burn the witches, while the advocates of human slavery in the times I easily remember found proof in it to show that slavery was a divine institution, and men like Garrison that it was accursed of God and man. Always in the Bible we may find this power for good and evil, the inspiration of life unto life

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and of death unto death, the light of heaven and the smoke of hell.

And when we look for the reason why men should touch these wide extremes of good and evil, and find their inspiration for them in the self same book, it seems clear to me again that this must be the main reason, and it may be the only one, that we do not go to the Bible so much for what we should find in it as for what we want to find either as sects or as men. The appetite is in us, and we want what will satisfy the appetite. We have got our question all ready, and we go to the Bible for our answer, while so vast and variant is the store of things we can find in the wonderful old book that it shall go very hard with us if we do not come soon or late on exactly what we look for. And so for this reason it is as wings to the spirit of one man, and as lead to that of another, and brings sight or begets blindness, makes melody or creates discord, and is sweet to us as milk and honey, or sour as unsunned crabs, in answer to this law—shall we call it of selection? —and I have never yet met the man whose instinct did not answer to this law. The moment we come to the book for more than the mere reading we begin to show our limitations, and I do not hesitate to say the man was never born of woman who could find what Calvin and Channing found in the self same volume, and make the things chime, or inwardly digest them so that they should bring forth the good fruits of the spirit.

And it is here, as I am compelled to believe, that we find the main reason for the evil and ugly things we must all deplore and condemn as ruthlessly as our sturdy idoloclast knows how to condemn them. The fine wheat of it even has been turned into a sour mash, if I may return to my figure, and so distilled through the twisted worm of bigotry and intolerance that men have become drunk thereby, and insane, and then the things have been done in the name of God and the Holy Book which are the disgrace and shame of Christendom as well as the mother milk very often on which such men as our honest Atheist have been nursed forth to what they were. And so touching the question as it stands, so far, between these frank and sincere men who affirm on the one side that the Bible is the word of God to man, perfect and entire, and on the other reject such a claim with scorn and contempt, and trying, I trust, with an equal sincerity to see where the truth lies among them, is it not fair to say that this can never

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be a divine book to those who make only an infernal use of it, or the word of God to those who only find their inspiration in it to do the work of devils. Also, as we find the instinct everywhere to take only what suits us and leave all the rest, must we not say the man then, after all, is greater than the book, no matter who may say the book is greater than the man, this being divine, as they hold, while we are only human.

Is it not fair to ask the defenders of the book which I also love and reverence, whether we may not use our reason when we read it as we use it when we read any book of a great and vital moment; and as we use our instinct, to take only what suits us really and truly, and to leave the rest because, as Butler well says, "Reason is the only faculty we have to judge concerning any thing, even revelation itself," and Locke: "He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both." And as the truth is forever growing larger and clearer, as we claim, on all sides, in science, in philosophy, in history and life, so that many things once accepted as pure truth are now quite incredible, have we not the right to claim that this law of progress should touch the Bible as it touches all things beside, and the truth we shall draw from its inexhaustible pages. Moreover, as we read by the ever-growing light of our time and the fair light of reason also, may it not grow clear to us that this great old book is not something sealed and settled and then locked up in the dogma of a plenary inspiration, once for all, which is something the book itself never claims? If I have read it to any purpose I am compelled to believe that the book itself makes on this side and loses on that, while it still remains The Bible—just as in my mother land and within the lines of authentic history, there were towns standing where you can now sail in pretty deep waters, and a way for ships on the sea where there is good land now covered with thorpes and farms; yet, it is still old England.

The Apostles, for instance, evidently believed in the almost instant return of their great and dear friend to the earth, when the dead in Christ should rise first, and those who were alive and remained would meet the Lord in the air; but we see now they were utterly mistaken, and the expectation has sunk out of sight, save as a periodical craze. They believed also in the resurrection of this body from the grave

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at the last day, and every time our good advocate across the water recites his creed, he says, I believe in the resurrection of the body. It is none of my business to ask what meaning he gives to the sentence. I can only say that for myself the evident faith of the Apostles is simply incredible, I can only believe that these bodies of ours wait not a moment for the call of the angels of the great resurrection. It is rising now, in this June splendor, the dust of the dear sacred dead, and by October some sweet and holy essence from it will have been hidden in the flowers, the fruits, and the corn. My dear friend and brother, Dr. Field, has no doubt found poor remnants of them in the caves by the Nile. They were laid there at endless cost and pains by the heathen, as we call them, who also believed in this resurrection, that so they might be ready when the call came sounding through the valley, and the rocks would rend to let them come forth. They burn them for fuel now, as I hear, in the fires; and I think as I read that, there must be a dim, dumb joy in them to be so disimprisoned at last, and be free to be one again with the beautiful living world. These are but the instances of the truth which touches me always as I read my New Testament, of the way it may make and lose, and how we must verify and rectify the truths we find here; winnow the grain and let the chaff burn or rot, as it pleases the Creator of the grain and the chaff.

But if I must use such reason as I have again as the twin sister of such faith as I have, I find I must reject some things I find in my Bible as what we used to call "Bible true" and written by a divine inspiration or done by it, as heartily as Mr. Ingersoll rejects them. Some he has quoted in his rejoinder. I will quote some more. The book makes the walls of a city fall down flat at the noise of a great shouting and the blowing of rams' horns; and says the sun stood still on Gibeon and the moon on the valley of Ajalon until the people had avenged themselves of their enemies, and hasted not to go down a whole day, so that there was not a day like that before or after it; and makes Deborah bless Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, and tip, with a divine approval, the nail she drives into the temple of her sleeping and trusting guest. Now if we found things like these wonders written a great while ago in, let us say, Hindostan, we should say at once they were myths and legends; and of such treachery done in the name of their God, What a deity! I have no option about saying just

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the same thing when I read these chapters in my Bible. They may be myths, legends, poems, whatever you will; but they are no word of God to me or true word about Him. So, because I must be true to my own soul, I have to say if those walls went down at all it must have been by good solid pounding; and the courses the steadfast sun and moon keep now they kept then, while barbarian fought barbarian; and it was by no divine inspiration the woman drove that nail into the man's temple after she had given him that bowl of bread and milk, but by the inspiration of a very evil spirit of treachery and revenge. They might believe it who made the record, I will not; and since then all Christendom might believe it, I will not; and Newton might believe what they say about the sun and moon as a Christian, and doubt it as a philosopher, then I stand with the philosopher against the Christian. I say amen also to the things Mr. Ingersoll quotes for ruthless condemnation touching this whole business in the old fighting books. It was noticed when the missionaries had got hold of some New Zealanders, and were teaching them from the Bible, that they preferred these fighting books above all others, and would fain have had the holy men read from them all the time. And I have read how a good bishop, who "did a great work" among the Goths in his time, undertook to translate the Bible for them, but would not translate these books at all, because, as he told them, they were over-fond of fighting already. When they were holding a debate over them and their like in Concord many years ago, and Master Rogers asked his antagonist, point blank, whether he would slay innocent women and children then at the command of his god, and the man said: "Yes, I would," Rogers answered very quietly. "Well, I wouldn't, and there's where we differ."

Such things are but the instances of the cleft between those who still love the Bible and find in it a divine inspiration and those who say it is all divine and must be accepted without question, and, as near as may be, without debate. It cannot be so accepted in our time. We must bring the Bible to the truth, and not the truth to the Bible, and having long done with the worship of golden idols—so we say—we must not now worship a verbal one. The fine wheat is there, so is the chaff; the fair flowers, so are the weeds; the pure gold, so is the dross and refuse and the slag of holy and unholy fires long burnt out; and we must weigh

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these things at their true worth and call them by their right names, no matter who gets hurt. Prove all things and hold fast that which is good, as honest old Paul says—as fine a bit of manhood as ever breathed the breath of life. "The truth should be no less than the *Gospel* of God, presented under a living form so human and so gentle that, being accepted by all, it may rouse the souls of all to a community of thought."* I know of no other way to win or silence men like our honest Atheist, or to "leave religion on a higher and more impregnable basis than it was before." Some years ago, I was riding across the prairies with a missionary who had newly come home from Egypt, where he had been eleven years, and talking of many things, I said to him, "Tell me truly who was the very best man you found there." "My Mahomedan teacher of Arabic," he answered at once; "he was the noblest and best man I found in the valley." "Then what will become of him," I said again, "if he dies in that faith," and his answer was, "He will go to hell, sir, because he would not accept the terms of salvation laid down in the Bible." So say those who sent him out. How mean and vile such dogmas are in contrast with the saying of Achmet the Turk to John Tempest of Broughton: "Religion is that manner of serving one and the same God which suits the constitution of each respective country."† And when we blazon such things as my missionary said to me on our banners and fall back on our Bible to maintain them, yes, and give them to our children for "the sincere milk of the Word," what wonder that a man so wholly human and tender as our friend should say if that is your God and this your Bible I will fight them both to the bitter end.

ROBERT COLLYER.

THE VINDICATION OF JEHOVAH.

I HAVE followed the Field-Ingersoll and the Gladstone-Ingersoll controversy with exceeding interest, not unmingled with quiet merriment evoked by the serio comic gravity with which the gallant Colonel gets in his favorites heaves and stabs at the fictions of his own creation, while he loudly declares them to be the figments of religion. Who was the genius who compiled an

* Conversations of Rabelais in the Life of Stephen Dolet.
† Reported in Whitaker's History of Craven.

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essay to prove the non-existence of Napoleon I. ? I could well fancy the mantle of his painstaking audacity enwrapping the shoulders of this sturdy Paynim-knight, a most genial and cultured gentleman as all have it, and whose sweet and reverent home-life has been repeatedly described to me by those privileged to witness it. In these most sacred relations of our existence, by the unconscious growth of heredity and the unknown absorption of custom and habit of thought, Colonel Ingersoll is intensely religious in spite of himself. But all well-founded reverence for him who thus practices better than he preaches must never relax the sinews of one who is called upon to parry to the best of his poor ability the thrusts of "that other man over yonder," the blusterous and audacious writer who likewise bears the honored name of Colonel Ingersoll. Therefore I, too, who would be well content to practice only what I preach, must close my visor and put forth my shield, and present my buckler for the weight of the quasi-wrathful arm that is wildly flourishing the blade of trenchant and ready wit in the pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Basing, as I do, upon the Bible only (with a big B, Colonel; decades of centuries entitle it to that), by which term we Hebrews mean only what is commonly known as the "Old Testament," I do not feel authorized to discuss any of the magnificent feints and terrifying slashes made at doctrines or principles specifically Christian. What Colonel Ingersoll attacks herein has no authoritative existence for us whatever. Pauline Christianity, *i. e.*, the Christianity of fact as opposed to that of theory, is *eo ipso* anti-Jewish; and, for the matter of that, could readily be shown to be antagonistic, too, to the teachings of that pious Essene Hebrew of Nazareth, whom posterity has elevated to the dignity of founder of a world-religion and made the recipient of divine honors. Attacks concern Hebrews which are directed against Jewish teachings; some of these only, appearing in Colonel Ingersoll's latest utterance, shall I consider.

I have heard that many men seek refreshing relaxation from the toil of business or the cares of professional life by the vigorous exercise of muscle and sinew in the science of the fencer or the boxer. Some such motive seems to me to dominate Colonel Ingersoll, who, however, endowed with more than the average intellectuality, prefers to be intellectual even in his relaxation, and so fences and boxes, as it were, with a pen, upon paper, and

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with the loftiest and most powerful opponents he can find. Nay, he has been publicly accused of mounting a wild broncho, and, throwing the rein upon his neck, of galloping and cavorting in a most reckless and defiant manner in a tilt around the stately figure of reverent Religion, mounted upon the charger Revelation. All the aforesaid exercises are good as relaxation, if the exerciser can stand them, and provided, moreover, that he is thoroughly skilled in the use of the foil, the gloves, or the saddle and stirrup. But if not—look out for disaster. Now, while cheerfully according Colonel Ingersoll any or all of these favorite relaxations, if they do him good or even if he only thinks so, I desire to call attention to several errors he is constantly making in matters which I have come to study a little, matters in which my people have for many centuries preserved with unpatterned devotion a certain measure of knowledge or explanation. It is in ignorance of these things that the Colonel's rapier scores vainly on parts altogether invulnerable, that his gloves smite the air, that his antic-pony sadly springs a joint. Let us see some things the Colonel does not know.

He says, for instance, that "God and Elijah" are strongly to be censured for mocking (*sic*) the God of the priests of Baal, and to severest condemnation for slaying them presently on the banks of the Kishon. I cannot understand the disgust with which a Colonel Ingersoll assails the gaunt prophet for mocking the religious beliefs of another, when I call to mind certain peccadillos of his in that direction, unless, indeed, the Colonel count his own offenses as trivial in this age of enlightened *liberality*, by the side of Elijah's offense, in time of keenest struggle, a struggle for very life and death waged by the almost extinguished theocracy against the inroads of a life-sapping, morality-destroying, Phœnician idolatry boasting an unscrupulous protectress upon the royal throne. Surely, under such circumstances, a little gentle mockery did no particular harm. Yes, but murder—? that slaughter at the brook afterwards? Well, not alone does the Colonel not know that the Word directly states that *Elijah* was the author of the massacre, not God, but the very next chapter, the vision on Horeb, gives Elijah a severe reproof from the Almighty for that very bloody act, a crushing reproof to such a high-strung nature as that of the fiery Tishbite, together with what is tantamount to his dismissal from active office, and the caution to all that the

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Truth is to be preached, not by fire or hill-upturning earthquake, not by hurricane-like zeal or the storm-wind of impetuous force, but by "the still, the small voice" of kindly persuasion and affectionate instruction. So that it *does* appear that mercy and judgment met together, righteousness and peace kissed, even in this episode of Elijah, if the Colonel would only read it to the end.

Another thing the Colonel does not know, when he speaks of God as malevolent, anent the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy and the so-called "curses" therein contained, is that they are prophecy, not imprecation, prediction, not malediction. The disasters there described are the legitimate and necessary results of all those immoral and obscene practices, which constituted the heathen's idolatry, and contain no more a curse than the words of one who should warn his child that plunging his hand into hot embers will cause suffering and death. Forewarning is forearming, the proverb says; he who foretells the inevitable evil results of evil choice does not cause those results, but rather he who thus forewarned, nevertheless braves them. In conclusion, I would point out to Colonel Ingersoll that the very "curse" (he calls it), or prediction, he quotes concerning the woman feasting on her babe actually came to pass in the terrible straits of the siege of Jerusalem by the Romans, as he may read in Josephus.

The Colonel does not know (or he would admit) the anti-idolatrous, *i. e.* the anti-obscene, animus of the Egyptian plagues, when he scornfully asks, "how did God treat the animals in Egypt?" May I point out to him that it was not "the patient ox," "the loving dog," which felt the sword of Adonai's power, to teach Israel the falsity of Egyptian dogmas, but the as Apis and Mnevis reverenced ox and the dog-god of Cynopolis who were thereby hurled from their thrones in men's minds, and with them the belief in their corresponding impurities of worship.

The Colonel does not know (or he would not have stated the opposite) that God did not establish a religion in which every temple was a slaughter-house and every officiating priest a butcher. I believe that Judaism is not yet extinct, and methinks many a Jewish temple exists where cattle are not slaughtered and many a rabbi who is not a butcher for the altar. From my more intimate acquaintance with my people, I may say that it would trouble the Colonel sorely to find a single temple Jewish to-day where sacrifices *are* in existence. We *had* them in a former period of

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our history, about the time when the Colonel's ancestors clothed themselves (mainly) in woad-dye, and worshiped the mistletoe, with human holocausts. Yet I would not for a moment reproach Colonel Ingersoll with such sanguinary ideas of religious necessities, nor accuse him of deep reverence for that curious parasite plant, unless indeed it have been in the days of his youth and under the chandeliers at Christmastide. It may be, however, that the Colonel is under that common delusion that the "sacrifices" of the Pentateuch were "established" by God for Israel. He says so. This is erroneous; for sacrifices existed in all time from the day when the first men brought of their primeval possessions "an offering to the Lord." The Israelites had seen sacrifices galore in Egypt before they received God's revelation; no need to "establish" them. In infinite condescension to human ideas, and human infirmity, the Almighty permitted sacrifices (of certain animals only) to be continued for a period of our historical development, until loftier ideas and modes of worship should prevail,* to satisfy the inherited, aboriginal craving for visible approach to God with an offering as a present.

Mr. Ingersoll does not seem to know, in the next place, the practical import of the 13th of Deuteronomy, commanding the denunciation of the seducer to idolatry, even were it the lips of wife or brother that framed the specious arguments. He does not seem at all to comprehend what idolatry was in Moses' time. Idolatry was human sacrifice, nay, child-burning (Lev. xviii. 21); it was bestiality (Lev. xvii. 22, 24, xx. 23). It was sin so gross and so revolting that the land was described as spewing idolators forth (Lev. xviii. 25, 28). No alliance could be permitted with idolators, by reason of their utter corruption; note the disastrous results of enticement planned by Balaam, according to Jewish tradition, resultant upon a short intercourse with Moab (Num. xxv. 1). For Israelites not only to become enticed by such immoralities, but to become the enticers of husbands, brothers, others, would have been inconsistent with the selection of the "kingdom of priests, the holy nation," the preachers of a purer code. Therefore was this command issued, altogether minatory and preventive; for our annals record no single instance of its fulfillment. It

*If the founders of that woful doctrine of the Atonement for mankind by vicarious sacrifice had correctly appreciated the transitional and intermediary function of the sacrifices permitted to Israel they would have escaped the sarcasm Colonel Ingersoll lavishes upon them.

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served its purpose; here again there is the mercy which the Colonel does not see because he has not studied sufficiently. And when he continues with the assertion that "God did not tell the husband to reason with his wife: she was to be answered only with death: she was to be bruised and mangled to a bleeding, shapeless mass of quivering flesh for having breathed an honest (?) thought," the Colonel betrays, with all these cheap heroics, a lamentable ignorance of the slow, stately and merciful course of judicial procedure which obtained among the Hebrews. The Talmudical treatise Sanhedrin is full of instruction for him on this head.

He is equally unfortunate in speaking of the God who "established" slavery, and by a curious chance, contrasts thereby the "effrontery" of the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." As it happens, although, of course, the Colonel does not know it, that species of theft, the theft of human rights we denominate slavery, is precisely the primary objective point of that commandment, as any Jewish scholar could have told him; that theft being the only one, according to Jewish jurisprudence punishable, like infringements of the other articles of the Decalogue, with death (vide the very next chapter, Exod. xxi. 16). As regards Israelites, bondmen * were forbidden; "for My servants are they, whom I brought forth out of the land of Egypt: they shall not be sold as bondmen are sold (Lev. xxv. 42). Thus, then God did not "establish" slavery among His chosen people. But among the nations round about, among whom the sale of men for service was custom, established probably from the first war ever waged, bondage had to be recognized, for it existed; and he who has ever read, as Mr. Ingersoll has evidently not, the numerous and extremely merciful laws touching the treatment by Hebrews of these dependents, recommending them constantly as recipients of kindness, forethought and benevolence, "for bondmen were ye in the land of Egypt," must thank God for the introduction of such noble and altogether unusual sentiment in the treatment of the serfs and pariahs of ancient society.

In conclusion, the Colonel breaks a lance for those poor Canaanitish tribes, championed by him of old, and vehemently asks why God did not give them the "Ten Commandments." "Why did He shower all the blessings of revelation on one poor and

* The Hebrew language has no word for "sla " the bondman was a "servant," a "laborer."

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wretched tribe and leave the great world in ignorance and crime?" It will, I am sure, delight the gallant gentleman to know that this question was asked centuries ago by Jewish sages, and solved by the investigation of the murderous propensities of the one tribe, the kleptomaniac weakness of an Amalek, the moral turpitude of incest-springing Moab and Ammon, *et hoc genus omne*, none of whom could with satisfactory consistency receive the Decalogue's stringent provisions in certain regards. It was "only a poor and wretched tribe" (we are not ashamed of our ancestors, Colonel; they very much antedated yours in the arts of clothing and general civilization)—it was only this poor and wretched tribe of serfs could be found, not living by murder and rapine, not supporting themselves by violence or pillage, but by rigorous hard labor, and capable withal of honoring both the parental and marital relationships. This poor and wretched tribe received those and other teachings of which you know nothing, right faithfully has it conserved them both by precept and example, for all the world's adoption, and therewith has it justified the wisdom of God's selection of a serf-band.

I would I had the time to follow Mr. Ingersoll whither he leads next, to the consideration of Abraham and Jephthah. I could show, I believe, evidence of what I have hitherto submitted, that the Colonel's shafts are feathered by imperfect knowledge, and wabble hopelessly wide of the mark; that his attacks are often against invulnerable positions of which he does not seem aware; that if he knew more of that which he discusses he would spare his strength. He must study the Bible by the light of the exposition of those who brought it into the heathen world; he must sit for awhile at the feet of Jewish instruction in Jewish matters as did he of Tarsus; and then he may venture to form opinions on Hebrew teachings and Biblical traditions. And if he shall do this, his pen will trace other things, in his moments of relaxation, than scorn and invective for men's most precious literary possessions; from a mind so prolific and so cultivated, "in the stead of the thornbush there shall come up the cedar, and in the place of the nettle there shall spring up the myrtle, to the glory and the name of God." And as we all recognize this, let me in parting with the fight-loving knight of this tilt, draw his attention to the fact that the horse ridden by Religion "in deep and reverential calm," is not therefore *dead* because he takes no

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notice of that bucking, saltatory, and generally amusing little broncho the Colonel rides; he is not dead, he slyly winks.

F. DE SOLA MENDES.

THE COMBATANTS.

BAYARD, Sir Philip Sydney, nor El Cid ever entered the lists against a foe with more chivalrous courtesy than the three gentlemen who have just closed their tournament. If there were nothing else noteworthy in this clash of conflicting opinions on the most vital of all subjects, the formal and graceful salutes which each combatant executes in honor of his adversary before proceeding to demonstrate the fallacy and wickedness of that adversary's cause, must command admiration and perhaps suggest surprise in view of its novelty on such an occasion. To Dr. Field belongs the credit of pitching the discussion in a key of mutual admiration, and, if I may say so, somewhat gushing regard. The joy that fills him in contemplating the fact that he is acquainted with Col. Ingersoll breaks out in the opening paragraph of his opening paper. "Dear Sir, I am glad that I know you," he exclaims before proceeding to the immediate business before him, and follows up this complimentary ejaculation by the statement that some of his, the Doctor's, brethren look upon him, the Colonel, as a monster because of his unbelief. It is needless to call attention to the magnanimity of a declaration of affection entertained in the teeth of the well-known sentiments of one's own brethren; it is not easy to go beyond it in fervor and enthusiasm. We may not wonder that Col. Ingersoll should in *his* opening paragraph declare that his reverend competitor's letter "is manly, candid and generous." Nor that in order to point his pleasant bit of courteous commendation by contrasting the Rev. Doctor's style with that of other men of his cloth, he should inform him that "it is not often that a minister of the gospel of universal benevolence speaks of an unbeliever except in terms of reproach, contempt and hatred." In other words, Dr. Field is far better than the rest of his people, a fact accounted for by the assurance that "the meek are often malicious."

Thus far, the disputants are in accord, at least, upon the form in which their discussion is to be conducted: the learned and reverend teacher of the Gospel is ready to cross swords on equal terms with the brilliant rhetorician who boldly speaks out his

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scorn against all that Christian men deem of the highest moment, here and hereafter. And thereupon comes Mr. Gladstone into the arena. He is not to be outdone by his predecessors in their gracious and gentle speeches, but with the characteristic caution which betrays the training and experience of a diplomat, he qualifies his testimonial by averring that it is based, not upon knowledge, but "information and belief."

"I have not the personal knowledge which assisted these doughty champions in making reciprocal acknowledgments as broad as could be desired, with reference to personal character and motive. Such acknowledgments are of high value in keeping the issue clear, if not always of all adventitious, yet of all venomous matter."

Whether or not there was a bit of grim humor concealed beneath this disclaimer of any personal knowledge as to the merits of the "doughty champions," others may, if so inclined, examine and decide. Lastly, keeping up this lofty train of chivalrous courtesy, Colonel Ingersoll assures Mr. Gladstone that it gives him pleasure to say that for his intellect and character he has the greatest respect.

If, then, a discussion of this kind, starting with these evidences of mutual good feeling and forbearance, was ever likely to produce good fruit when conducted by disputants of acknowledged ability, we would expect to find in the voluminous exchange of opinions before us a conspicuous example of the usefulness of such a debate. Yet I cannot escape the conviction, sympathizing as I most earnestly do with the sentiments of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Field, that it would have been well for their cause if they had confined themselves to those assurances of high regard and distinguished consideration for the person of their adversary, leaving him the master of an undisputed field.

This language may seem bold to the verge of presumption; *a priori*, it is scarcely possible that such experienced masters of intellectual athletics should have written so many pages without some good result. It seems impossible that after studying the subject from his earliest youth with the ardor of an apostle, the zeal of a missionary, and the genius which he possesses to so conspicuous a degree, Mr. Gladstone should not, when defending a cause which appeals to the sympathy and love of the majority of civilized mankind, have left an impression in impartial minds that he had succeeded in at least neutralizing the efforts of his antago-

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nist. But I do not hesitate to say that, although Mr. Gladstone has demonstrated his ability as a controversialist, his learning as a scholar and his skill as a debater, it was a foregone conclusion that in a contest with Colonel Ingersoll upon the vital subjects of Christian revelation, he must inevitably suffer defeat. It is not enough to say that his cause was good and his talents abundantly equal to the occasion; the difficulty lies in the fact that he entered the arena shorn of his best advantages and exposed to receive blows which the very nature of the controversy forbade him to return with effect.

A discussion upon any grave subject of religion, philosophy, ethics, or the like, presupposes adversaries using the same weapons, bound by the same rules, subject to the same requirements, and starting from some common postulate. The case is far different where, as in this instance, one of the champions is handicapped by his earnestness in the cause which he has espoused, and the reverence which he may not discard when he approaches the subject under controversy. If Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman, for instance, should undertake to discuss these weighty questions, they would both enter upon an interchange of views with the same emotions of respect, the same decorum of speech, and a common acceptance of the great truths of their common faith. A debate between such men must necessarily bring out the best that is in them, because starting from the same premises, and bringing to bear the wealth, the vigor and accumulated resources of their intellects, joined with rare eloquence of style, their contributions to the religious literature of the day would certainly be interesting and effective. Neither of them would appeal to popular passion or prejudice; neither of them would descend from the lofty plane of dignified controversy to purchase a victory which would lose its charms if obtained by mere declamation, sophistry or irreverent assumption of unproved facts.

There is to me something almost pathetic in Mr. Gladstone's implied recognition of the fact that the discussion in which he was about to engage could not be conducted with advantage to the cause which he had at heart. He complains in tones of aggrieved surprise that Col. Ingersoll does not conform to *his* rules of controversial discussion, but rather insists upon following his own. Not only is he aggrieved because "in this case all attempt

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at continuous argument appears to be deliberately abjured" but he laments the fact that the paper which he undertakes to answer leaves on his mind "the impression of a battle-field where every man strikes at every man, and all is noise, hurry, and confusion." He strenuously objects to the "tumultuous" method in which the Reply conducts, "not indeed its argument, but its case." All of which seems very illogical. Col. Ingersoll used no false pretences to decoy Mr. Gladstone into the field. He did not claim to be any other than he was. A fair sample of his style and reasoning was before Mr. Gladstone when he undertook to defend great and solemn truths against the "tumultuous methods" which, whatever be their merit or demerit, belong peculiarly to Col. Ingersoll.

The remarks of Mr. Gladstone show very plainly the confusion into which an experienced debater and acute logician may be thrown by endeavoring to adapt himself to circumstances which he cannot consistently turn to advantage. The tone of his paper is, I need not say, marked by a grace and thoughtful decorum which is due as well to the subject under discussion as to the character of the writer. He shrinks from levity upon sacred themes as a child from physical pain. The irreverent use of the Creator's name, scoffing allusions to His works, jests and sneers in connection with the great problems of eternal life, wound him as though they were barbed with steel. He cannot overlook an expression which does not accord with his own exalted view of the matter under investigation. Thus, at the outset of his argument he pauses to rebuke his antagonist for venturing to ask Dr. Field, "What do you think of Jehovah himself?" This inquiry probably seemed entirely proper to the propounder, and it must be admitted even by those who deprecate that style of discussion that the expression was no more calculated to shock the moral sense of Dr. Field than a hundred others equally objectionable to those who are sensitive on those topics. But hear Mr. Gladstone's reprimand:

"I will briefly ask whether this is the tone in which controversy ought to be carried on? Not only is the name of Jehovah encircled in the heart of every believer with the profoundest reverence and love, but the Christian religion teaches through the Incarnation a doctrine of personal union with God, so lofty that it can only be approached in a deep reverential calm. I do not deny that a person who deems a given religion to be wicked may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the Author and Object of that religion. But he is surely bound by the *laws of social morality and decency* to consider well the terms and the manner of his indictment. (P. 484).

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When we have before us the fact that this violation of the "laws of social morality and decency" had been committed and was well known to Mr. Gladstone before he took up his pen, as were also the "tumultuous methods" and contempt for "anything like continuous argument" (p. 484) of which he now complains, is it disrespectful to ask why that eminent champion of the Christian religion entered upon a contest wherein he must have known that the same objectionable features would be repeated and probably reproduced in an aggravated form? Colonel Ingersoll certainly made no promise and entered into no pledge that he would respect Mr. Gladstone's theories or be guided by his rules. He presented himself in his own person, with his known peculiarities of warfare, with his avowed disregard for the opinion of decorous Christian disputants. His raillery, his scorn, his ridicule, his humor, have never bowed in homage before Christian revelation, never quailed before the most solemn theme, never suffered bit or bridle to restrain them before any antagonist.

The consciousness of this fatal cause of embarrassment obviously affects Mr. Gladstone's "Remarks." He knows, feels and shows throughout that he cannot reconcile himself to the office of a mere advocate. He cannot admit and recognize that the ordinary rules of reason are appropriate and reliable guides, for he knows that human reason looks on helpless and silent when it contemplates the Infinite, the Eternal, the Unknown; that its boldest projects and most ambitious efforts can no more solve the problems beyond the grave than an acrobat can hope to leap into Mars or a human hand seize and arrest the whirlwind. That reason, experience and a calm judicial temper may assist in solving difficulties which faith presents; that the divine scheme may, by the aid of faith and reason combined, be made clear to the minds of men, neither he nor any of those who think with him have ever doubted, but the initial obstacle in his way consists in this very requirement that Faith should play a part, and an important one, in the demonstration of revealed truth. This proposition his adversary openly derides; it is the very basis of his argument, or (to use Mr. Gladstone's distinction) of his case. If he *believed*, he would be shorn of his strength as effectually as was Samson after Delilah's shears had removed his flowing hair. The readers of the REVIEW would never have sought to read Col. Ingersoll's

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attacks upon the Bible had he conceded that a resort to faith, and an acceptance of unseen and undemonstrated fact was a respectable feature in an argument on any subject. To ask of that gentleman that he shall stay his hand because faith bids him pause is simply to invite him to abstinence and silence. Of course, this obviously difficult situation Mr. Gladstone realizes, but instead of frankly avowing its existence as an insuperable bar to profitable discussion with Col. Ingersoll, he endeavors, with very doubtful success, to mitigate and evade it. Thus he says (p. 495) that

"The upholders of belief or of revelation from Claudian down to Cardinal Newman (see the very remarkable passage of the *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*, pp. 376-78), cannot and do not seek to deny that the methods of divine government, as they are exhibited by experience, present to us many and varied moral problems, *insoluble by our understanding*. Their existence may not, and should not be dissembled. But neither should they be exaggerated."

Certainly they should not be exaggerated, because exaggeration is the attribution of excessive value or importance to any factor in the consideration of any problem, and is, therefore, to be deprecated. But the fact that from Claudian to Newman all upholders of revelation (including, of course, Mr. Gladstone) have agreed in holding that the understanding of men could not solve these problems, is of the highest significance. It is the brazen wall between the school of which Colonel Ingersoll is now the most brilliant and active advocate, and the class which Mr. Gladstone represents and defends. The knowledge of this fact, his familiarity with the thoughts of the upholders of faith from Claudian to his own great contemporary, Dr. Newman, as well as his own fixed convictions, might well have taught Mr. Gladstone that he might expect no victory in the discussion of moral problems which were insoluble without the aid of an ally whose right to be heard was not admitted by his adversary.

True, the author of the Remarks attempts to justify his conclusions on the grounds of reason and common sense.

"In one sense, without doubt these difficulties are matter for our legitimate and necessary cognizance, and it is our duty to decide for ourselves by the use of the faculty given us the great questions of natural and revealed religion. They are to be decided according to the evidence, and if we cannot trim the evidence into a consistent whole, then according to the balance of evidence."

This general proposition Colonel Ingersoll would, no doubt, admit to be true. No one, so far as I am informed, among the

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Rationalists or Agnostics denies or has denied that every man who undertakes to form an opinion or to pronounce a judgment or to participate in a debate on a given topic, should examine into the evidence. That is, on the contrary, what they strenuously insist upon, with the addition that upon this evidence *alone* the judgment shall be pronounced. But surely Mr. Gladstone does not mean to be thus understood. If such was his meaning, he and his antagonist differ in this only, that the one has been convinced and the other has not been convinced by evidence which both have studied, and which, although the same in both cases, has produced opposite results. I venture to say that such was not the meaning of the writer, and that in his anxiety to meet his adversary on equal terms, he has thrown aside his armor and blunted his sword.

Where, then, is faith, and what part does it play in the discussion or acceptance of Divine Truth and the solution of these "insoluble problems"? The sacred volume from which he draws inspiration and strength tells him in no uncertain words that faith is the evidence of things *unseen;* that we must accept these things as little children; that they are happy who have not asked *to see,* but have *believed.* The danger of conceding that faith may be eliminated to make room for common sense (whatever that may mean in connection with supernatural subjects) is too apparent to require more elaboration.

But the pleasure which Colonel Ingersoll derives from the concession is most frankly and joyously manifested. He fairly exults at Mr. Gladstone's admission. He tells him that he has finally left the City of Refuge to which the theologian flies, that he has abandoned the breastwork behind which the theologian kneels, and the rifle-pit into which the theologian crawls. He quotes his adversary's disclaimer of the right to set up any rule of investigation except such as common sense teaches us to use in the ordinary conduct of life, and then rapturously declares that "this is certainly a morning star," by which he no doubt means that Mr. Gladstone has abandoned his case and surrendered at his adversary's discretion. The peculiar way in which he takes advantage of this generous surrender is manifested in his commentaries upon the story of Abraham and his son Isaac, and the history of Ananias and Sapphira, winding up as to the latter with a declaration that, *of course,* he feels sure that the thing never occurred, the

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probability being that Ananias never lived and never died. "It is probably a story invented by the early church to make the collection of subscriptions somewhat easier."

Shall it then be said that no weighty question of Religion, Faith, and Revelation shall be the theme of discussion, or ever be debated between eminent men of different views? Far from it. Even those subjects that are beyond the ken and apprehension of men may be fairly examined and weighed and decorously submitted to analysis. Mr. Gladstone might well have accepted a challenge from or sent a challenge to Mr. Huxley, but he would have known in advance that his deepest convictions would be respected and his reverence for sacred themes not be shocked. But under the circumstances he appears to have acted very much as would an astronomer, who, engaging in discussion with a blind antagonist as to the existence of a planet, throws aside his telescope, or as an athlete, who, before starting upon a race, consents to have shackles placed upon his limbs because his competitor is lame.

There are subjects, however, upon which Mr. Gladstone might have spoken with great advantage to his hearers, subjects that were merely suggested in the discussion. The question of marriage comes up incidentally, and is disposed of with great brevity. Mr. Gladstone, as we might well suppose, upholds the great dignity of that institution by saying that Christ taught the absolute indissolubility of marriage. Colonel Ingersoll scouts the idea of indissolubility with even more than his usual vehemence and his usual rhetoric. "Why should a husband and wife be compelled to live with each other after love is dead?" And he follows this inquiry by others of the same general character, intended to prove that when love is dead, when the husband is cruel or infamous or an outcast, the bond should be severed and a new field of matrimonial ventures opened to the actors in the original failure. It is hardly possible that the writer was not carried away by the facility of his pen or blinded by the brilliancy of his own rhetoric. He certainly cannot have intended to say that the permanency of this contract, "the most sacred that human beings can make" (p. 626), is to depend solely upon caprice or upon the strength of the man's or the woman's love. It is too plain for argument that this simply resolves itself into the abolition of the marriage relation and the substitution of temporary unions which will last so long as the convenience of both parties or either of them may suggest.

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The experiment of divorce made easy is not a new one. Juvenal speaks of a lady who had married eight husbands in the course of five years. Martial mentions a matron who had taken ten husbands in one month. This may be a poetical exaggeration, and I do not present Martial as absolutely reliable on a question of statistics. Saint Jerome, however, is not a poet, and is an honest witness. He speaks of a husband who had been widowed twenty times; the twenty-first lady whom he selected as his companion had had twenty-two husbands. Conceding our modern society to be less frivolous and anxious for variety, I still think that when divorces are granted because love on the wife's side has gone, or the husband's affection weakened, the divorce courts will be kept immeasurably busy.

But then what becomes of woman's dignity if the sanctity of this tie is gone? The ancient church raised marriage to the dignity of a sacrament and attached to it a solemnity and importance that no other contract possesses. To the permanency of marriage, to the influence of the Christian religion in sanctifying the union of one man and one woman under the sanction of the Creator and Father of the human family, woman owes more than to any other cause the exalted station which she holds in our modern society. If it should ever happen that the efforts of the new school of Anti-Christian writers shall succeed, she first of all must feel the incalculable loss. Her title to queenly rank dates back to the time when that declaration was made in Judea. Her claim has since been consecrated by the blood of her martyrs who bravely died for the faith which placed a crown upon her brow. How could or can the Christian church do otherwise than honor and hold up for example the noble women who confessed their belief in the amphitheatre and public places, maimed by wild beasts and brutal men. Even Renan's cold skepticism warms into a glow of enthusiasm when he describes the brave and gentle little slave Faustina as she smilingly accepted cruelty and outrage that may not be described, declaring all the while that she was a Christian and that Christians could do no harm. And she was but one of an army that ennobled, purified and made sacred the whole family of Christian women.

What an answer to the sneers and scoffs of which we have so brilliant a sample before us Mr. Gladstone might have made if he had not been misled into so fruitless a line of debate. Whether

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the stories of Jephthah and Jonah are literally true, whether or not they are to be taken in this sense or in that, is not the question of great and vital moment. It is easy to make witty comments upon these narratives, but no man will cease to be a believer because he fails to understand and is unable to explain why God commanded the dreadful sacrifice of Abraham, or whether Ananias and Sapphira deserved death for their lie.

The men of to-day need to learn what Christanity has done and is doing for the human race. They must be asked to refrain for a moment from laughing at the bright sallies of brilliant declaimers and to inquire into the possible results of a successful campaign against the system of belief that has been interwoven with the growth, strength and progress of the world for the last eighteen hundred years.

None more wisely and eloquently than Mr. Gladstone could have warned society of the dangers and evils which a reckless eagerness for untried systems and an impatient sufferance of whatever *is*, may produce. For the first time in the history of our modern life, the law looks on in silence and leaves men's tongues and pens free to malign and caricature the religion which was and still is part of the law of the land. The fear of punishment being removed, nothing is left but the self-imposed restraint of him who decries sacred things to fix the measure and violence of his attacks. Whether Dr. Field and Mr. Gladstone may or may not outshine Colonel Ingersoll in debate, is not, after all, so important. The question remains whether the Lord's Prayer may be abolished and the Sermon on the Mount derided into general contempt, without changing the whole structure of our moral and social world. Colonel Ingersoll utters many noble sentiments in eloquent speech, but it is no disrespect to say that he did not first discover them. If I mistake not, every one of them comes down in a straight line of descent from that Magna Charta of human fraternity, the prayer which first taught that men were brothers and that forgiveness of offenses was a virtue. He will hardly admit this, however, for it also teaches that one Name should be hallowed above all others and that a Divine Will rules the world.

FREDERICK R. COUDERT.

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DEMOCRACY AT ST. LOUIS.

THE people of the United States will not long be interested in the details of the convention at St. Louis. History will hardly linger over the well-wrought phrases of Daniel Dougherty, or the courageous assumptions of Patrick Collins, or even over the bright speech of the brilliant McKenzie, of Kentucky.

The candidates and the platform alone deserve attention. Of Mr. Thurman I do not purpose to speak, for the situation is one of some delicacy.

It would be unkind to the President to say that Mr. Thurman was nominated because it was needful to have somewhere on the ticket a great name not obtained by accident, but earned by years of public service. It would be equally unkind to Mr. Thurman to point out that this rounding up of his career was only another instance of that ingratitude of Republics, which so often delights to abase the worthy in order that the exaltation of the unworthy may become more marked. However, things which are mislaid are not always lost, and it must add a two-fold glory to any barbarian triumph to have a noble Roman, however aged, or however doubtful his Roman citizenship, at the chariot wheels. Of Mr. Cleveland I do not intend to speak words of reproach. On the contrary, the first sentence is one of commendation. The Treasury Department has been carried on, in matters relating strictly to finance, in those respects where comparison can be made, in the same way in which it was carried on by Republican secretaries. None of the wild and foolish things which his party announced have been done. Not a single Democratic oration delivered before election on the floor of the House has been realized. On this the country is to be congratulated. The truth, of course, is, that the principles on which the Republican party had based its Treasury action were so fundamental that nothing

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was left to their successors but to continue the building on the same foundations. Whether, however, the loaning of sixty millions of dollars to the national banks without interest when bonds could have been bought and interest saved was wisdom and sound policy, I leave to the Democratic orators in the next campaign, only asking them to use about the transaction the same language they would have employed had John Sherman been Secretary of the Treasury. I think I already feel the refreshing coolness the discourse will throw over Democratic meetings. Mr. Cleveland has done one other thing which, if rightly understood, may be of incalculable advantage to the country. He has recognized the tendencies of his party, and has brought them to the clear light of day. He has revealed the real masters of the organization and shown where the power lies. For years the House of Representatives has been organized so as to show both the dominance and the determination of the governing power, but the country has paid little heed to the fact, because the practical results were prevented. It must now take notice or suffer. Much has been said of Mr. Cleveland's courage on the tariff question, but it requires very little courage to throw yourself into the arms of the vast majority of your own party. Whoever knows anything of the dangers to his political ambition in his own State of New York can have little doubt of the wisdom of a politician who by one message secured to himself the sure votes of the leaders of his party.

Some of the friends of Reform who thought that grapes could be gathered from thorns and figs from thistles are disappointed that no recognition of them or their faith was made at St. Louis. They are now engaged in turning with child-like faith from Platform to Candidate. If I were to select the plainest instance in all history where good men have been trifled with, I should select this gentle dalliance with Civil Service Reform. Mr. Cleveland's first manœuvres committed every civil service reformer to his side. They could not say too much. After such loud committal, very shame has made them first apologize and then keep silent. Meantime the end of Mr. Cleveland's term finds him with enough officials in office to run conventions, and enough offices out of which he can yet turn Republicans to make a free raw material which will be very useful in the manufactures of the campaign. If Mr. Cleveland were not already fixed in our minds as an utterly guileless man, the sole object of whose creation was to show how

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much better a man could be than his party, somebody would suspect him of being a politician. In fact Mr. Cleveland has been in this, as in his tariff utterance, controlled by his party. No man, however near his head may be to his shoulders, can long resist the people he allies himself with, especially if during his whole career he has thought their thoughts and been bone of their bone.

It may be a fine thing to be better than your party. It certainly is a very profitable thing to appear to be so. The world is a very busy world, has no time to examine shops, but will read advertisements if the print be large and the headlines emphatic. Hence, when Mr. Cleveland loudly proclaimed his opposition to silver, the world thought him fixed in the faith, and has never noticed that he has coined more silver than his predecessors. The increase is slight, but worth noticing. By rewarding the postmaster of a great city, whose devotion to Civil Service Reform had been useful in the election, he established so high a reputation for clemency that he was able to behead all the rest with due regularity and reasonable dispatch. The descent from the high moral elevation which seemed to signalize the appointment of Pearson, to that scene in the Pennsylvania convention where the officeholders of a purified administration dragged down Mr. Randall, the ablest Democrat in public life, may be very great indeed; but the grade was easy, for the road was winding and there were many loops. The French historian, Lanfrey, seems to have been right when he said that a little charlatanism is needful to move masses of men. Mr. Cleveland's administration does not seem to lack the needful motive power. But the effort to make out of Mr. Cleveland a personage apart, distinct from his party friends, pure while they are impure, strong where they are weak, intelligent where they are ignorant, has been brought to the test of real life, and to-day no skillful divider of hairs can tell where Mr. Cleveland leaves off and the old dominant and domineering wing of his party begins. They twain are now visibly one flesh.

The victory in the convention secured by Mr. Watterson over the Maryland senator, whom he dragged afterwards openly behind his triumphal sulky, was not the victory of Mr. Cleveland over the convention, but the record of the fact that the majority of the party as of right had taken possession of both Cleveland and convention. For years this dominant faction has kept itself in

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the background pushing forward to the public view their protectionist brethren whose useful feet were shod with swiftness as they sped to New York, to Ohio, to New Jersey and Connecticut, to assure those of like faith that Mr. Cleveland was as good a protectionist Democrat as if all the industries of the United States were localized in his native village.

But this dominant faction is no longer in the rear. Encouraged by the election of 1884, they have taken the front and are now openly in control. This is a situation long expected by observant men. Most party men have hoped for it, but most business men will regret to see committed to the hazards of a political campaign the entire business interests of the country. But those interests can no longer be kept out of politics. They have been forced into the next election and must take heed to themselves, unless they welcome irreparable loss. The danger is not that the people of the United States have failed to understand the causes of that great prosperity which has enabled us to face war and debt and even unwonted extravagance of individual luxury with a national growth unparalleled in the history of the world. The danger is that under deceitful twisting of ambiguous words men may be tempted to retain their party fealty in forgetfulness of real interests at stake. Party feeling and party fealty I have no quarrel with. They both bind men together and help make the world governable. No man ought to leave the party his judgment upholds except for grave cause; and he will not if he is wise, for it means disruption of friendship and the sundering of ties, the strength of which no man knows until they are broken. Hence men keep with their party on the slightest pretences. But parties cannot remain stationary. Their real majorities may bide their time, but they finally take control. Whoever examines the proceedings and the outcome of the St. Louis convention can have no more doubt that the Free Trade wing has taken the reins in hand in the nation than they can doubt that they have done it in the House of Representatives. When Mr. Randall was deposed from the speakership, which he adorned by his ability and honored by his high personal character, it was not a defeat of person, but of principle. From that moment not a single representative of the protectionist democracy has been allowed a seat on the Committee of Ways and Means. With that reluctance to break from party ties, of which I have already spoken,

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and hoping for better days, the protectionist Democrats gave New York and New Jersey and Connecticut to Mr. Cleveland, who, in return, has delivered them bound hand and foot to those who sought their destruction. The same scene is now attempted on a larger stage. The protectionist Democrats of the House of Representatives have been delivered over to their foes without even a recommendation to mercy. Can the same thing be done with the protectionist Democrats of the country? That depends entirely upon whether they have closed their eyes or opened them.

Platforms are usually glittering generalities specific only as to the past and nebulous as to the future. They are ordinarily meant to mask aggressive designs and yet to utilize the timid. Of such a character was the platform of 1884. If you emphasized one branch of the antithesis you sounded for Free Trade; if the other, your voice was for Protection. But this year there is small choice of sounds. The platform must be interpreted by Cleveland's message. The emphasis must be on Free Trade. It is true that worthy message towards the close tried a few clauses on the other side; but when a man knocks you down, even if he says he would not hurt you for the world, the blow is apt to be more impressive than the word. When also the convention, not satisfied with approving a message which stiffened the price of British iron, endorsed and sustained the bill now before the House of Representatives, the world can well understand why Mr. Edward Cooper and perhaps Mr. Hewitt should stand aghast at the Frankenstein monster they had helped to raise. Whatever doubt could remain in the mind of a protectionist Democrat the plain tendencies of the convention ought to remove. That wing of the party which for six years has organized the House of Representatives, which for six years has refused even the lowest place on the committee which shapes the business destinies of the country to any member who sympathized with Mr. Randall or his views, were in full control of the great national assembly of the party. And they were rightly in control, for they were in great majority. The office holding power of the Administration was put to such unsparing use that even Pennsylvania, whose Democrats have never before faltered in the cause they deemed for the interest of their country, was made to do obeisance to the new idol. Can any man with eyes doubt as to what this thing is which he sees?

To make assurance doubly sure let him turn to the proceedings

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of the House of Representatives, proceedings which have had the endorsement of the St. Louis convention. A tariff bill represents the business interests of the whole country. It affects him who manufactures and him who consumes. No man is so rich as to escape its influence, or too poor to suffer by its errors. Enterprise awaits its fiat, capital hangs on its deliberation, and labor unemployed suffers the paralysis of its delay. Surely if any legislation needs the sanction of open day, the scrutiny of sunlight, it is a tariff bill. Yet, even to this day, the place where the present bill was formed is as secret as the burial place of Moses. After it saw daylight not one single interest affected was permitted to appear and defend its position. Capital and labor, and even their representatives on the floor, were alike shut out. Nothing but secret interviews have been allowed, and what transpires at those interviews no protectionist, Democrat or Republican, has been allowed to know. The bill is thoroughly and essentially geographical. Where democracy has sway the knife skims lightly. Where the other side is represented the knife goes to the hilt. Salt is on the free list, rice is left with a duty of 68 to 100 per cent. There is another feature which demands the attention of thinking men. The newspapers show that a party caucus has been held and that some of the heaviest "tariff taxes" have been restored where Democratic representatives would be discommoded. In other words, industries have been treated with favor or disfavor on account of their politics. What the Free Traders so frequently call in debate the "privileged classes" have been continued in their "privileges" if Democrats come from their districts and refused if they do not. Can it be possible that a people who would not suffer that clerkships, mere government clerkships, should be bestowed for political services, and made a great uprising against the practice, will permit the business of the country, the industries of a whole people, to be farmed out as the reward of party fealty, and distributed as recognitions of party success? Nothing like this has ever before happened in the history of this country.

Let me briefly call the attention of your readers to another aspect of the case which still further illustrates what will be the final outcome of these proceedings. Everybody must admit that the real pressure on Congress this session comes from the surplus. What the country really demands is a reduction of the surplus.

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By skillful machinery the pressure from this source has been transferred to the tariff. The people have no quarrel with the tariff. No petitions show restlessness. No public meetings testify to any sense of oppression. If the party in power would introduce such a measure as would reduce the surplus and leave unaffected the business of the country, the surplus would disappear as rapidly as does the public building bill of an enemy of the administration under the Executive veto. There has been no moment of time since the opening of the session when a bill could have been defeated which took thirty millions from tobacco, six from alcohol used in the arts, and either twelve or twenty-five millions from sugar, had the majority presented it. Nay, not even a two-thirds vote would have been refused. The government might for the six months last past have taken at the rate of forty-eight to fifty-four millions less per year than now.

But the men in control care nothing for the surplus, except as means to an end. They are looking beyond to-day. Using the tactics of the skillful lawyer who calls many witnesses to prove an uncontested fact, in order to conceal the lack of evidence on the point really at issue, they may choose in speeches, as did Mr. Speaker Carlisle, to lay great emphasis on the surplus, but that is only to beguile the unwary. To them the issue is not surplus, but tariff. They calculated that the effect of the bill will be twofold. They believe that whatever they put on the free list will bring them recruits for the assaults of the future; that the lumbermen and saltmen and woolmen, if themselves denied the markets of America, will unite with their enemies of to-day to deny those markets to others, and that they will thus march over the ruins of the industries of the far North to newer victories, aided by the people of the countries already conquered. But some one may ask what pretense they will have in the future. Their bill once passed, will they not be satisfied? This only shows how little communication there is from the place where laws are made to the people who are governed by them. Not a day passes but some friend of the present bill in the House, amid the loud plaudits of his associates, proclaims that this is only a step in advance, only a step in the right direction, only a turning of the face to the sunlight. But if you ask me what excuse they will have before the people, I answer, the very one they have now. Whatever losses the Treas-

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ury will have from the free list, will, if the present bill should be carried as it now stands, be made up by the increased amounts collected from the increased importations which this very bill is intended to promote. Such a bill will bring no reduction. Such a lowering of tariff cannot lower income. On the contrary, it will surely increase it. Remember what the object of the bill is. It is to facilitate importations. It could have no other purpose; and yet the alleged reduction, outside the free list, is based on the idea that importations will remain the same, though the very object of the bill is to increase them. Let such a bill be passed, and even before the ruins are cleared away we shall see an undiminished surplus, and these victorious gentlemen again to the front proclaiming that the surplus must be reduced, and that the only way is to again cut the tariff. Where this is to end it needs only eyes to see. If the voters of the United States desire to reach that end, desire to give up our markets to those beyond sea, to abolish the system which has prevailed in those decades of American history which have most dazzled the world, those decades which have filled the earth with such a sense of our power and might that every American abroad feels himself invigorated by the wide recognition of his country's glory; if such be their desire, the way is as broad as the great avenue of our capital city. Follow where the St. Louis convention leads, and the shock of arrival will render other evidence unnecessary. If the triumph of Mr. Watterson at St. Louis, the crushing of Mr. Randall in Pennsylvania, and the debates and the action of the House of Representatives cannot show that the days of the Protectionist wing of the Democratic party are numbered, what can?

THOMAS B. REED.

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FASHIONS IN PRECIOUS STONES.

THE American spirit of unrest finds its outlet in an incessant desire for change and novelty. In this we are sharply distinguished from the French, English or German, who believe that a good thing once is a good thing always. For us a thing must not only have excellence, but it must also be new or unique to satisfy the demands of this American trait. So in precious stones very few escape the imperious edict of Dame Fashion, who is influenced largely by the demands of her American followers. It is my purpose to note in this article a few of the principal changes which have taken place within a recent period.

During the last decade new stones have come into favor, some neglected, ones have regained their popularity, and still others, such as amethysts and cameos, have been ushered out entirely. The latter, no matter how finely cut, would not now find purchasers at one-fifth of their former value, while ten years ago they were eagerly sought after at from four to twenty times present prices. Rubies were considered high ten years ago, and a further rise was not looked for, but to-day they are still higher, a nine and eleven-sixteenths carat stone being quoted at $33,000.

There is no demand at present for topaz, yet a syndicate of French capitalists has been organized to control the so-called topaz mines of Spain in the expectation that after twenty years of disfavor this gem will again find favor in the sight of fashion.

Coral has felt the change of fashion, for during the last three years less than $1,000 worth per annum has been imported, and in the last ten years, in all, $33,956, whereas in the ten years preceding $388,570 worth was imported.

The popularity of amber, on the other hand, is increasing. The imports of amber beads for the ten years, 1868 to 1878, were less than $5,000 worth, whereas during the last ten years $35,897 worth have been introduced. Amber amounting only to $47,000 was imported from 1868 to 1878, but over $350,000 worth from 1878 to 1888.

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Ten years ago few of our jewelers carried more than the following stones in stock: diamond, ruby, sapphire, emerald, garnet, and, occasionally, a topaz or an aquamarine. The gem and mineralogical collections, however, contained a large series of beautiful stones, hard and of rich color, that are now known as "fancy stones," and by the French as *pierres de fantasie*. Since then considerable interest has centered in these fancy stones, and a jeweler is not only expected to be familiar with, but to keep in stock almost all of these. This change may be partly referred to the fact that since the Centennial Exhibition art matters have received more attention among us than before.

That the Duke of Connaught gave his bride a cat's-eye ring as an engagement token, was enough to make the stone fashionable and to increase its value greatly. The demand soon extended to Ceylon, where the true chrysoberyl cat's-eye is found, and stimulated the search for it there. In the chrysoberyl cat's eye the effect is the result of a twinning of the crystal, or of a deposit between its crystalline layers of other minerals in microscopic inclusions. If the stone be cut across these layers, *en cabochon*, or carbuncle-cut, as it is called, a bright line of light will be condensed on the dome-like top of the stone.

In the search for these chrysoberyl cat's-eyes, there have been found an endless series of chrysoberyls of deep golden, light yellow, yellow green, sage green, dark green, yellowish brown, and other tints. They are superb gems, weighing from one to one hundred carats each, ranking next to the sapphire in hardness. They gave a great surprise to the gem dealers; for it was found that the darker leaf green or olive-green stones possessed the wonderful dichroitic property of changing to columbine red by artificial light, the green being entirely subdued and the red predominating; and in fact were alexandrites, a gem which had formerly been found only in Siberia and even there of poor quality, though in large crystals, a perfect gem of even one carat being a great rarity. Here, however, fine gems rarely under four carats were found, and an exceptional one weighed sixty-seven carats. They can be numbered among the most remarkable of known gems. Strange to say, among these alexandrites a few have been found which combine the characteristics of the cat's-eye and the alexandrite and are in reality alexandrite cat's-eyes.

The demand for the cat's-eye also brought into use the sup-

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posed rare mineral crocidolite, commonly called tiger-eye, which has since been found to occur extensively in the Asbetus mountains, forty miles north of the Vaal River. It occurs in a ferruginous porcelain jasper, in veins from half an inch to four inches in thickness, and was first brought to Europe by Le Valliant, a French traveler in South Africa. Value has, more especially, attached to that variety which has been altered to a quartz cat's-eye. In this stone an infiltration of silicious material coated each fibre with quartz or chalcedony, giving it the hardness of the quartz and amethyst—seven in the scale of hardness. This pleasing stone readily sold for six dollars a carat, and at the outset even more; but owing to the excessive competition of two rival dealers, who sent whole cargoes of it to the London market, the price fell to one dollar, or even to twenty five cents per pound, by the quantity. Even table-tops have been made of this material by veneering, and vases, cane heads, paper weights, seals, charms, etc., made of it have sold in large quantities. Burned, it assumed a bronze-like lustre, and by dissolving out the brown oxide of iron coloring, an almost white substance was obtained, which was dyed by allowing it to absorb red, green and brown colored solutions, which, owing to the delicacy of the fibres, were evenly absorbed.

Ten years ago this material was practically unknown, but so extensively has it been sold, that to-day it is to be found on every tourists' stand, whether at the Rigi, on Pike's Peak, in Florida, at Los Angeles, or at Nijni Novgorod, showing how thoroughly organized is the system of distribution in the gem market. Missionaries have never spread a religion so rapidly as traders have disseminated this form of the "cat's-eye."

Since it has become generally known that Queen Victoria is partial to the opal, the old and stubborn superstition concerning it, which is said to date from Scott's Anne of Geierstein, has been slowly yielding, until now the gem has its share of popular favor. During the last two years ten times as many opals have been imported as were brought here during the preceding decade, many of these being the finest Hungarian stones. Mexican fire-opals are much more common, as tourists know to their sorrow who buy them at exorbitant prices in Mexico, hoping thus to pay the expenses of the trip, only to find, on reaching New York, that the opals are worth only about a quarter of what they paid for them.

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The Mexican opal mines are near Querertera, and it is believed that a demand of 50,000 stones per annum could be supplied without raising the price perceptibly, since in the market of precious stones, the demand generally raises the price. The opal mines of Dubreck, Hungary, yield the government a revenue of $6,000 annually. And the output is so carefully regulated by the lessees that the market is never glutted.

About ten years ago a new and very interesting variety of opal was brought from the Baricoo River, Queensland, Australia, where it was found in a highly ferruginous jasper-like matrix, sometimes apparently as a nodule and then again in brilliant colored patches or in specks affording a sharp contrast with reddish brown matrix, which admits of a high polish and breaks with a conchoidal fracture. Many of these stones are exceedingly brilliant. They are of the variety known as harlequin opals, their color being somewhat yellow as compared with the Hungarian stone, although not less brilliant. The rich ultramarine blue opal is quite peculiar to this locality, and many have a rich green tint that makes them almost transcend the Hungarian opals.

A company capitalized at £200,000 has been formed, and the gems are soon likely to be extensively mined. Many curious little cameo-like objects, such as faces, dogs, heads, and the like, are made by cutting the matrix and the opal together.

Never have pearls been more popular or commanded such high prices as during the past ten years. At present nothing is considered in better taste than the pearl, on account of its purity and subdued beauty. This unusual demand has had the effect of greatly stimulating the search for them, especially on the west coast of Australia, at Thursday Island, the Sooloo Archipelago, in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf, and also along the coast of Lower California. The demand included pearls of all colors except the inferior yellow. The fine black pearls from Lower California have been in great request, single ones bringing as much as $8,000. With these black pearls are found many beautiful gray and grayish brown pearls. The different fisheries of the world produce fully $1,000,000 worth annually, of which the lower California fisheries produce probably one-sixth. Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas have given us over $10,000 worth of pearls per annum; their remarkable fresh-water pearls, especially the pink ones, which are unrivalled for delicacy of tint. The finding of two

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bushels of these in the Turner group of mounds in the Little Miami Valley, Ohio, by Prof. F. W. Putnam, gives us a faint idea of how plentiful they were before the arrival of the Europeans. But within the last five years many of the fancy-colored pearls have received their variety of color not from nature but by artificial means.

The acquisition of the Burmese ruby mines cost the British Government a vast sum of money. On the wars of 1826 and 1852 England expended $75,000,000 and $15,000,000 respectively, and after all this sacrifice of treasure the Burmah & Bombay Trading Company claimed, four years ago, that King Thebaw, of Burmah had arbitrarily canceled the leases by which the company controlled the output of the ruby mines near Mandalay. A meeting was accordingly held at Rangoon, October 11th, 1884, presided over by J. Thompson, agent for Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Company (a firm of which Gladstone's son is said to be a partner), with a view to securing the lease of the mines. They did not succeed, however, and the war of 1886 which followed involved the raising of an army of 30,000 men and an outlay of $5,000,000, but the British Government finally gained control of the long-coveted ruby mines. The question which next presented itself was, how should they be worked? Several firms were desirous of securing the lease, and after the Indian Government had virtually closed a lease to Messrs. Streeter & Company, the London jewelers, at an annual rental of 4 lakhs of rupees (£40,000), for a term of five and one-half years, with the privilege of collecting thirty per cent. on all stones mined by others, for some unexplained reason, but probably on account of trade jealousies, the home government revoked the lease, although Mr. Streeter had apparently every assurance of the acceptance of his proposition and had even made preparations to begin work at the mines.

The ruby mines of Burmah are situated in the valley of the Mogok, fifty-one miles from the bank of the Irrawaddy River and about seventy-five miles north of Mandalay, at an altitude of 4,200 feet. Very little has been known concerning them up to the present, as they were always the monopoly of the crown and were jealously guarded. It was said that they paid King Thebaw's government 100,000 rupees per annum and, one year, 150,000 rupees. Mining is carried on there by forty or fifty wealthy natives, who employ the poorer townspeople at liberal wages; but at present only

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seventy-eight mines or diggings are in operation, and they are worked in the most primitive manner. All of the gems are sent to Ruby Hall, Mandalay, to be valued. At present the royalty exacted by the English government is thirty per cent. A stone was lately sold in Mandalay for 8,000 rupees, but without the knowledge of the officials. In the valley a number of pagodas have been erected by wealthy ruby miners as votive offerings for their success.

One thing at least we learned from the British occupation of Burmah; namely, that King Thebaw did not own the dishes of rubies which were said to outrival anything in history. His possessions of this sort were found to consist only of a few stones of poor quality.

The diamond mines at Salabro, Brazil, known as the Canavieiras, were discovered in 1882 by a poor miner who had worked in the earlier mines. They are situated two days' journey from Canavieiras, near the river Pardo, and the gems, which are found inared gravel at a depth of about two feet, are very fine in quality, and are remarkable for their purity and whiteness, the crystals being of such a form that scarcely any cleaving is necessary.

History repeats itself, and as, when the Brazilian mines were first discovered, the stones were sent to Europe by way of India to enter the markets in India wrappers, so Bultfontein diamonds were sent to Canavieiras to be shipped to Europe as the product of that mine. So great was the rush for these mines at first that, notwithstanding the rumors of a malarial climate and epidemic diseases, by the end of the first year 3,000 miners were at work where shortly before was a virgin forest, and for a time even this number was exceeded. The other Brazilian mines have been only slightly worked of late years.

India, Borneo and Australia are now yielding very few diamonds, probably not more than one per cent. of the entire product. These three countries, together with Brazil, yield probably less than ten per cent. of the total output.

The recent combination of the diamond mining companies in South Africa to regulate the production and price has led to a feverish speculation in diamond shares and awakened interest in the mines of Brazil and India. During the past month the Madras Presidency Diamond-fields Company, Limited, has been organizing with a capital stock of £190,000, and to prove that the Indian mines are not yet exhausted it is announced that operations will soon be com-

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menced at Wadjra Karur Field in the Madras Presidency. On this field of 554 acres was found a very fine sixty-seven and a half carat diamond crystal which furnished a twenty-five carat stone called the Gor do-Norr, valued by the company at £15,000.

Another English company has recently been formed under the name of the "Hyderabad Deccan Mining Company," to work the mines in the valley of Krishna in India, where it is thought that the famous Koh-i-nûr diamond was found.

The author of "Arabian Nights" undoubtedly thought that he was imagining the wildest and most improbable things when he wrote of "Sinbad, the Sailor," obtaining such fabulous treasures in the valley of diamonds. Yet the African mines have paled this profusion of wealth into utter insignificance. A glimpse at these new "diamond" valleys may be interesting.

The primitive method of diamond washing was carried on for centuries by thousands of slaves, who, like those who built the pyramids under the lash of the Pharaohs, simply followed a master mercilessly goading them on whip in hand. To-day we have the most ingenious and powerful machinery, which, eyeless though it be, allows fewer diamonds to escape than would the keenest and most disciplined army of washers.

At the Kimberley diamond mines in South Africa, a wonderful progress has been made in the last decade. About 1877 the work of consolidation of the different companies began. Originally the mines were worked as 3,238 separate claims, each thirty-one feet square, with a seven and a half foot roadway between every pair of claims. Now these are all united in about forty companies.

A mine in the early days was a bewildering sight. Stretched across in all directions were miles of wire cable, to which were attached the buckets for carrying the earth, reef, or wall-rock of the mines, and at times water, all running from individual claims. Some of these were almost level with the surface, while others next to them might be cut down two hundred feet, and others only one hundred feet, yet all were being worked independently. At the sides were endless belts with pockets for carrying the earth. The result of this independent system of working was that rock was dropped so recklessly that it is said to have been as dangerous as the battle field around the edges of the claims. Not only was the loss of life great from this source, but also from the falling of immense masses of reef, loosened by the blasting, which

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sometimes buried a score of men at once. But improved methods were gradually introduced. Steam railroads were run down into the mine, and parts of it were leveled down even. Millions of tons of reef required removing, and the only way to do it was to assess every company in the mine proportionally. Many mistakes were made at first, if mistakes they can be called, when the problems offered for solution were entirely new and untried. The yellow or surface soil which overlaid the blue stuff pulverized so readily that it could be taken to the washing machine direct; but as the claims were sunk down in the blue the rock grew harder, and dynamite became necessary. Immense quantities of it are now used for blasting.

Not only has the yield of the African mines been great, but the diamonds have averaged much larger than those from any of the old mines. The finding of a seventeen carat stone in the Brazilian diggings was sufficient to secure the freedom of the fortunate slave who found it; but stones of this size are found by the hundred here. A one hundred carat stone scarcely creates as much excitement as a stone of one-fifth the size did in Brazil.

One-fifth to one-quarter of all the yield, it is estimated, never reached the proper owners, as the native diggers swallow and conceal the diamonds in every possible manner. Hence it became necessary for the companies, in self defense, to take extraordinary precautions against this great loss, and overseers or special searchers were apointed, who made the most thorough examination of all who left the mines. The natives use most ingenious methods for the concealment of the gems. On one occasion some officers, suspecting that a Kafir had stolen diamonds, gave chase and caught up with him just after he had shot one of his oxen. No diamonds were found upon the Kafir, it is needless to say, for he had charged his gun with them, and after the disappearance of the officers, dug them out of his dead ox. Diamonds have been fed to chickens, and a post-mortem recently held over the body of a Kafir revealed the fact that death had been caused by a sixty carat diamond which he had swallowed.

On September 4, 1886, a meteoric stone weighing about four pounds fell at Nowo Urei, Krasnoslobodsk, in the Government of Penza, Siberia. In this, MM. Latschinoff and Jerofeieff found what they supposed to be diamonds of microscopic size. In an insoluble residue appeared small corpuscles, showing traces of po-

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larization, harder than corundum, having the density and other characteristics of the diamond, and present to the amount of one per cent of the whole mass (see *Nature*, December 1, 1887). Through the courtesy of His Excellency Julien V. Siemaschko, of St. Petersburg, I procured a small piece of the meteorite. Small fragments of it were boiled first with nitric acid, then with sulphuric, then with nitro-muriatic acid, which removed the iron magnetite, olivine, enstatite, etc., leaving as a residue some small transparent bodies, about twelve in all. One of these, which was unfortunately lost, was evidently a distorted trigonal tris-octahedron. Those exhibited are very much distorted, and two resemble this form, which is one of the principal forms of the diamond. The colors are either pink or light brown. The smallness of their size has prevented me from trying the hardness, but by grinding with a sapphire four particles of the meteorite, I distinctly made a number of minute but deep scratches on each polished face of nine different sapphires with each piece of meteorite. These scratches are characteristic of but one mineral that we know, and that is the diamond. Pieces of the meteorite scratched nine sapphires, producing the fine delicate lines characteristic of a diamond, and there can be little doubt that these bodies, the only residue, were the ones that produced the scratches. If a larger quantity of material comes to hand, I intend to polish a diamond with the powder of the meteorite, using a new wheel for the purpose.

Some of that very curious form of diamond known as round bort, found only in Brazil, were exhibited at the Amsterdam Exhibition of 1882. They were perfect spheres, the result of a multiple twinning of the cubic form of the diamond. One of these Messrs. Tiffany & Co. cut into the rude outline form of a brilliant, and placed its table on an iron polishing wheel with diamond dust on it revolving at the rate of 2,800 revolutions per minute. The circumference of that part of the wheel on which the diamond was placed was about two and a half feet. It remained there nearly one hundred days, ten hours per day, so that the surface which traveled over it amounted to over 75,000 miles. Four and at times eight pounds of pressure were added to the usual two and a quarter pounds and two and a half pounds of the clamps or holder, while for a time forty pounds extra were added, causing the diamond to throw out scintillations several feet long.

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The wheel was ploughed up and ruined; yet no polish was produced, and the diamond was only slightly ground away after all this immense abrasion.

As an illustration of the labor and capital employed in diamond mining, it may be interesting to note that in addition to many miles of aerial tramways there are over one hundred and seventy miles of tramway around the four Kimberley mines. Twenty-five hundred horses, mules, and oxen, and three hundred and fifty steam engines, shafts, etc., representing four thousand horse-power, are employed in the work. One million pounds sterling are annually expended for labor, and over £1,000,000 for fuel and other supplies. The gross capital of the companies is nearly £10,000,000. Over ten thousand natives, each receiving £1 a week, and twelve hundred European overseers, at an average wage of £5, are employed. It is now proposed to consolidate all the companies into an enormous diamond trust, with a capital of £10,000,000. At the present value of the shares they are worth £14,000,000, and the stocks fluctuate as much as our more active railroad securities.

The De Beers mine is now owned by one company, who also control the Central Diamond Mining Company, of the Kimberley mine. Mr. Gardner F. Williams, of Oakland, Cal., is superintendent of this mine.

In 1878 the importations of uncut diamonds amounted to $63,270; in 1887, to $262,357; while in 1883 there were imported $443,996 worth, showing that although we are cutting four times as many diamonds as we were in 1878, yet the importations have been falling off. This is partly because in the years from 1882 to 1885 a number of our jewelers opened diamond-cutting establishments, but have either given up the business or sold out to others; for in spite of the protective duty of ten per cent. on cut stones, cutting can only be profitably carried on here on a scale large enough to enable one of the partners to reside in London, the great market for rough diamonds, to take advantage of every fluctuation of the market, and purchase large parcels which can be cut immediately and converted into cash; for nothing is bought and sold on a closer margin than rough diamonds.

The recent death of Mr. Henry D. Morse, of Boston, known as the pioneer diamond cutter of the United States, brings to mind many interesting reminiscences. He has scarcely received the

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credit he deserves for his work. That he was the first in this country to cut diamonds is well known, and the best cutters in the United States to-day received their training under him. But educating young Americans, both men and women, to the art, was not his greatest work. He showed the world that the art which had so long been a monopoly of the Hollanders, was degenerating in their hands into a mere mechanical trade. His tment of the diamond gave a great stimulus to the industry both in the United States and abroad, and shops were opened here and in London in consequence of his success. He was one of the few who studied the diamond scientifically, and taught his pupils that mathematical precision in cutting greatly enhances the value as well as the beauty of the gem. His artistic eye, sound judgment and keen perception enabled him to carry the art to a perfection seldom, if ever, attained before.

It was in his shop that a machine for cutting diamonds was invented which did away in great measure with the tediousness and inaccuracy of the old manual process. Thanks to his labors, we now have among us the best cutters in the world, men who can treat the diamond as it should be treated to develop its greatest beauty. The fact that so many fine stones were recut here after he started his wheel led to a great improvement in cutting abroad, especially in the French Jura and Switzerland, where both sexes are now employed at the trade. As a result of this the diamonds sold to-day are decidedly better cut than those of twenty years ago, before Mr. Morse turned his attention to that work, which he, above all others, has shown us is properly an art and not an industry.

There are at present about twelve cutting establishments in this country employing from one to fifty men each, and in all about one hundred, at salaries ranging from twenty to fifty dollars per week. Most of the cutting done here is of a high class, some shops being almost entirely employed in recutting stones that had been cut abroad. Ten years age nearly all the diamonds used in the United States were purchased through brokers or importers. To-day, owing to the marvelous growth of the diamond business here, and the facilities for transatlantic travel, many of the large retail houses buy their diamonds direct in the European markets; and some have even established branches or agencies abroad.

GEO. F. KUNZ.

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THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

On the 14th of May, 1887, the newly built central hall of the People's Palace in East London was opened by the Queen in the midst of an immense concourse of people. The opening of this hall was, *in fact, the opening of the People's Palace itself*, because, with the aid of temporary buildings and sheds, the scheme of the trustees was immediately commenced, and has been carried on complete in nearly all its parts, though fettered as yet for want of room.

The Palace, as it stands at present, consists only of the temporary sheds and the central hall. Externally, the hall is hideous; but then it is the core of the whole Palace, and its exterior will be invisible when the whole is built. This hall, which is capable of holding 6,000 people at a pinch, is well proportioned and lofty; at one end stands an organ and a platform for the use of the singers and performers at concerts; a spacious gallery is built out on either side; a statue of the Queen stands over the entrance; the sides are adorned with statues of queens and princesses of Great Britain and Ireland; under the gallery are temporary bookshelves, for the hall is at present the library; as well the body of the room is provided with tables and seats for readers and hundreds of papers from all parts of the world; at the upper end under the platform is the table where the librarians—two ladies—sit to advise the readers, to receive and give out the books. The place is always well filled. On Sundays, especially, when the librarian's work is done by volunteers, it is crammed with orderly and quiet readers, who find here a place for rest and reading. The opening of the place on Sunday, although fiercely resisted by local bigots, has proved an unmixed blessing and boon to the people.

At the back of the hall the library is rapidly rising; it will be completed in May or June. It is an octagonal domed room with

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book accommodation for 250,000 volumes. At present the library contains no more than 8,000 volumes, but it is rapidly growing. The ante-rooms of the library will be given over entirely for the use of the girls who form the "Lady Members." They will then have all to themselves, under the government of their own committee, their own music room, tea room, reading and writing room, and conversation room.

At the back of the library stands a long two-storied building. This was formerly the dormitory of the school and almshouses which used to occupy the site. Fortunately this block was not pulled down, and it is now, pending the completion of the building, used for class rooms.

The other buildings are a long corrugated iron structure used for the exhibitions; an iron building, which contains a gymnasium perfectly fitted up with all the modern appliances; a billiard room furnished with half a dozen billiard and bagatelle tables in it, and a refreshment room. There are also the secretarial offices, a small "Ladies' Room" fitted up for the girls, and the *Palace Journal* office.

When the whole building is completed, these temporary buildings will disappear. The Palace will contain in itself everything, namely: Social rooms, club rooms, billiard rooms, lecture rooms, reading rooms, apart from the Queen's hall; class rooms, capable of accommodating an immense number of students; chemical and physical laboratories, and all the machinery of a great technical college and palace of delight.

So much for the present condition of the building.

The scheme, which is now almost in full working order, is much more ambitious than its first projectors designed. This is natural where a scheme is really worth anything. It grows and develops, shooting out all kind of unexpected branches. It comprehends a vast school of technical education, in all its branches; a day school for trades; a library and a reading room. This on the solid or educational side. On the other side, every form of recreation that young people may desire is here cultivated and encouraged. I use the word "young" advisably, because it was clearly understood from the outset that whatever good was to be effected by the Palace must be done for and by the young.

The initial difficulty, therefore, was to attract the lads and girls. There were the experiences of other institutions to guide

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us on this point. For instance, at the other end of London are two foundations having objects in some respects similar to those of the Palace. One of these has proved a great—a very great success; the other is as conspicuous a failure; to the former the lads resort in ever increasing numbers; to the latter they will hardly go at all. The chief reason is that men considered old by lads of sixteen—say men of thirty; and men considered in decrepit and advanced age by such lads—say men of forty; men, in fact, of all ages; were admitted to the privileges of the place. Youth will not consort with age; the lads of sixteen refused to sit down in the same rooms with men old enough to be their fathers. With this warning before them, the trustees resolved on making admission to the Palace; first, a privilege which, to be prized at all, must be paid for; and next, a privilege to be limited by age. The members of the Palace must be, therefore, not under fifteen, and not over five and twenty. There was much complaint, at first, from those who were over the age, and it certainly seemed hard that because a man was six and twenty he was to be debarred the use of the Palace. As a matter of fact, however, the members do not, as will be seen, enjoy anything like absolute occupation. These privileges include, (1) Admission to all the concerts, entertainments and exhibitions free of charge. (2) The use of the library in the evenings (this is to be altered into a separate reading room for their use). (3) The use of the gymnasium. (4) The right to join any of the classes at reduced fees. (5) Admission to the club. (6) The right of taking the *Palace Journal* at a reduced rate. For this the lads pay 7s. 6d. a year, and the girls 5s. a year, the former a little more than three half pence a week, the latter about a penny a week. This does not seem a very large sum for all these privileges. As a matter of fact, however, when a young man makes the most of the place, attending one or two of the classes, belonging to one or two of the clubs, and to the gymnasium, he finds himself spending about a shilling a week upon the Palace. If he were not here every night he would spend five times that sum in beer, music halls and theatres for himself and his girl. It is not one of the least advantages of membership, that it separates a lad from the society of his sweetheart while he is at the Palace.

It was estimated that we could accommodate about two thousand members to begin with, six hundred more were afterwards

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admitted, another thousand are now about to be admitted. As soon as the lists were opened, the applications crowded in; and the first list was completed in a week; those who came too late and wished to have their names put down on the chance of vacancies were made to pay a registration fee of one shilling. On a recent admission of members, this shilling was spent in giving the new comers a little social evening, at which Sir Edmund Currie, the director, spoke "straight" to the lads. When all the buildings are up we shall have as many as ten thousand members. Out of the original members about a fourth were girls. As to the social standing of these members, they belong, with the exception of a few clerks, absolutely to the working classes. They are not of the lowest class; that has been thrown in our teeth; if they were they would not stay in so orderly and civilized a place; but they are "respectable." They are of those who work with their hands; both girls and lads. Of the former, there are an immense number, for instance, who are connected with the great Sewing Mystery. They are mostly lads in steady work, and they have a trade; they belong to the "better class" of labor.

As regards the stability of the Palace, that is now, happily, assured. The Charity Commissioners have made it a grant of £4,500 a year; the sum of £12,000, with which the trustees began—it was a bequest from a Mr. Beaumont to be used for purposes of recreation—provides about £400 a year, and the classes and members' fees bring up the income to about £6,500 a year. Out of this the Fabric will have to be maintained, the secretarial staff, the librarians, the service, and the teachers in the school will have to be paid. There is as yet no paid manager. Sir Edmund Currie, the director, to whose exertions the Palace owes everything—absolutely everything—lives on the spot, and gives his whole time and thought to the conduct of the Palace.

Let us, with these preliminary words, sketch out the daily life of the People's Palace, first from the educational point of view, and next from its recreative side.

The boy's school, which is carried on during the day, is an attempt to do something for the boys who have reached the fifth or sixth standard in the board schools—*i. e.*, who have a good rudimentary education and have shown intelligence, and whose parents cannot afford to apprentice them to any trade. We take them for years on their leaving school, and instruct them in trades and in

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the principles which underlie all technical teaching. Thus they are not taught anything ornamental or superfluous. There are classes in carpentry, design, geometry, drawing, and chemistry, but none in such superfluities as spelling or French. They come at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and they are to stay for two years, after which they will leave the school to enter upon their trade, The school is at present small and is not regarded with favor by the board schoolmasters, apparently because, if it is successful, it will take all their best boys. This jealousy will, however, die away as the benefits of the school become more known and appreciated by the parents.

The technical schools are carried on in the evening; they may be attended by those who are not members; in fact, some of the members do not attend any of the classes. They comprise "Practical Trade Classes." At present nine trades are taught: "Technical Classes," which include thirteen branches of work; "Science Classes," "Art and Design Classes," "Musical Classes," "Classes for Women," including all sorts of dressmaking, and "General" classes, which include the requirements for the examinations of the Civil Service, shorthand, French and German, book-keeping, and so forth. Only those engaged in the particular trade to which the class refers can join the practical or technical classes. All these classes are full to overflowing.

It will thus be seen that not only does the Palace provide for the East End of London a great university of technical education, but that it is already, after no more than six months, greatly appreciated. A great body of work is now being carried on, but nothing compared with what it will become when our class rooms are all built and are filled to their utmost capacity.

The position of the Palace is, happily, most central as regards the city of East London, for which it was built. It is surrounded by great suburbs, such as Bow, Bromley, Ford, Hackney, Dalston and Bethnal Green; it is accessible by train, tram and omnibus, and it stands in a great thoroughfare; no more convenient site could possibly have been found.

Let us turn to its recreative side. There are, first of all, the exhibitions. Since its opening the Palace has held a Flower Show, a Chrysanthemum Show, an Apprentice's Exhibition, and other shows, and two concerts have been given every week. The exhibitions have been very well attended; the concerts, for which

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an admission of two pence is charged, are always crowded. The music given is not of the "music hall" character, but is uniformly good; the "Messiah," for instance, which was lately given —the chorus consisted of the Palace choir—attracted an audience which packed the hall completely. On Sunday mornings, from half past twelve to half past one, an organ recital of sacred music is held, and the hall is filled, chiefly with men who, if they were not there, would be loafing about the streets or in the public-house. The library and reading-room are open every day from 9 A. M. till 10 P. M.; on Sunday the library is open from 2 P. M. till 10 P. M. It is generally filled all the time by men and women who appreciate a warm, well lit, and quiet place. As yet we have no lay student class. They come and read for amusement. Thus, out of 569 books taken out in four days, 448 were works of fiction. The chief favorite is Captain Marryatt. On Sunday the work of superintendence and giving out the books is done by volunteers, chiefly students at the various London colleges. Indeed, there is a great quantity of voluntary work done at the Palace; thus, the exhibitions have been chiefly managed by a generous young Irishman, a Kerry landlord, who gives to the Palace nearly the whole of his time.

The members have started clubs of every kind. These are, of course, managed by themselves. Thus there is a Committee of Management for the billiard room, whose duty it is to see that the tables are not monopolized and that betting is not carried on—betting and gambling are great curses among our young working lads. There are committees and secretaries for the Debating Club, the Chess Club, the Cyclists, the Ramblers, the Harriers, the Cricket, and I know not what else. There is a social room for the lady members, where they can sit and talk, play or read. There is a *Palace Journal*, which records the doings of the club, prints letters from the members, and is intended to serve as their voice and organ. The *Journal* has, of course, a competitive column, and the competition editor has no easy task.

Lastly, an experiment was made at the New Year which proved so successful that there is no doubt it will be repeated. For many years the public dancing rooms have fallen into such bad odor that one after the other they have all been closed. There is now, I believe, not a single place in all London where a respectable girl—or, indeed one who cannot claim that title—can

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go for a dance. Under the evangelical rule of fifty years ago, the clergy set their faces dead against dancing. Most nonconformists still do so. The magistrates steadfastly refuse dancing licenses. But a change is coming over our views. We have happily learned to distinguish. Not dancing, but the abuse of dancing places, is the vice; dancing itself is the most innocent, as it is also the most delightful of all amusements. We have only to go to Germany to understand that. Until the last century, which was a time when nearly everything was brutal, dancing was the most popular form of recreation. We have therefore taken a step toward the restoration of dancing to the amusement of the people. There have been four balls held at the Palace. The lady members were invited to bring their brothers and friends, and dancing to the band of the Scots Greys was carried on from seven to eleven. It was an experiment attended with some anxiety; but the girls themselves knew that future dances depended on the success of these, and that there were outside bigots and fanatics ready enough to cry out upon the wickedness of the trustees in allowing the dance and the dreadful things it would lead to. The result was that no court ball could have been conducted with greater decorum. Court balls, however, are said to be dull things; no West End ball, however spirited, could have been more delightful to everybody concerned. There was no supper, but there was a refreshment room, where things could be procured at a most reasonable rate. And the question now is not "Shall a dance be held?" but "When shall we have another? and how shall the lads be taught to dance better?" because, as always happens, it was found that the young men were far behind the girls in dancing.

I have to add that no intoxicants are permitted to be sold in the Palace. At first, some of the trustees were against this rule, because they would have the members themselves insist upon temperance. But their views are now changed. In a great place where thousands of young people congregate every evening it is well that no temptation should be thrown in their way. Outside, there are public houses in plenty; within the Palace one can take any kind of meal, but strong drink one cannot have.

There is growing up in the place among the members a strong and wholesome corporate life. Friendships are made which will be life long; the lads are finding out each other as young men do at Oxford or Cambridge. Already they like better to be boxing

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and cudgel playing in the gymnasium, or running with the harriers, than walking up and down the street with a girl; already they are beginning to understand that social life which they have never before had the chance of enjoying. The clubs are doing this, mainly; the *Journal* tries to help. Already the People's Palace Choir is singing for the people; soon there will be a palace orchestra playing for them. We look for the development of artistic genius and the exhibition of East End painters. Next winter there will be, I hope, many dances. New clubs and associations are continually being formed, and only yesterday I heard that some of them were asking when we are going to start a dramatic school.

Above all and before all, it is endeavored to make the members understand that everything that is done in and for the place must be supported and carried through by the people for the people. Their own choir and band will sing and play at their own concerts; they will organize their own dances; they will carry on their own clubs; they will act their own plays; they will send forth their own artists, trained within the palace walls in every kind of art; they will send out skilled workmen ready to support the good old name of the good old country against all comers.

WALTER BESANT.

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OUR SEA-COAST DEFENSES.

Why do we need coast defenses?

To protect our wealthy seaport cities from bombardment in times of war, and from forced money contributions levied under threat of bombardment; to protect our military and naval establishments located on the seaboard, our torpedo stations and navy yards; to provide harbors of refuge for our merchantmen, and even for our navy; to prevent the enemy from establishing himself in our waters, by seizing and holding conveniently situated harbors as bases of operations, supply, and, to a certain extent, repair stations; to insure to ourselves strategic points from which our navy can act offensively; to provide a defensive line behind which, in a prolonged war, we shall be enabled to increase our navy or even create a new one; to prevent the enemy from seizing or raiding our commercial centres on the seaboard, thereby paralyzing or seriously interfering with our transportation system, depressing securities and values, and causing distress and suffering to a large portion of our population; and, finally, by placing ourselves in a proper state of defense, to diminish the chances of war and insure ourselves and our posterity against its evils.

Protection of property is perhaps a more tangible need than any of the others mentioned. In the cities bordering the harbors of Portland, Me., Portsmouth, Boston, Newport, New London, New Haven, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Or. (mouth of Columbia River) and the important ports on the Great Lakes: there is approximately six thousand million dollars worth of destructible property; that is, property which might be destroyed by the fire of a hostile fleet.

Should such a fleet occupy New York Bay and bombard the surrounding cities, it would endanger and might destroy by demolition, by bursting bombs and nitro-gelatine shells, and by the

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fires resulting therefrom, property valued at one thousand five hundred millions in New York City, one hundred millions in Jersey City and six hundred millions in Brooklyn. Nor would the effects of such bombardment be limited to the destruction of property. The privations, suffering and loss of life to which the populace would be subjected would be appalling, for even should the enemy grant a reasonable time for the removal of non-combatants, neither threats, nor persuasion, nor even force could secure the safety of more than a small per cent. of the population of those great cities.

The comparatively slight results attained in the way of destruction of life and property in the many bombardments recorded in history form no criterion for the future. Such bombardments have generally been directed against the defenses rather than the city itself. The guns formerly used were far less powerful than modern naval ordinance, and nitro-gelatine, dynamite, or some similar high explosive would now be used for bursting charges in place of powder. The bombardment of Alexandria was directed against the fortifications, yet the city suffered severely solely through lack of accuracy on the part of the gunners of the fleet. There would be no missing such a mark as New York City.

The only alternative to such a bombardment would be the payment of a ransom, which, in the case of New York, would probably be not less than one hundred million dollars.

A possible result of the presence of a hostile fleet in the bay, and one rarely contemplated, *is the cutting off the food supplies from New York City and Brooklyn.* With the bay and the lower Hudson in the possession of the enemy, all communications would be cut with the exception of the Harlem and New Haven railroads, and even these would be within easy range. Under the most favorable circumstances these two roads would not be adequate to the daily demands of two million people, and it is certain that great distress, if not actual starvation, would result from such a condition of affairs if long continued. During the railroad riots of 1877, and at various times during snow blockades in the West, the dependence of our great cities on the railroads for daily food supplies has been made manifest; but at no time have we felt the pressure as we would in case of war.

As an insurance against war, the value of strong defenses is evident. There is no surer way of avoiding war than by such a

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thorough preparation as leaves no weak point exposed to an enemy's attack and no temptation to his cupidity.

Are we properly protected by our present fortifications?

Prior to 1860, we had one of the best systems of coast defense in the world. Our works were model types of masonry fortifications. Emerging from the great struggle of 1861–5 with a national debt of nearly three thousand million dollars, with our merchant marine annihilated, with one per cent. of our total population—the very flower of our manhood—left dead on the battle-fields of the South, with another half million of maimed and battle-scarred veterans, many of whom became pensioners on the government's bounty, with factories closed and business stagnant, with depreciated securities and with the South reduced to poverty and forced to begin life anew with an overturned social system of a century's growth; it is not surprising that our navy was left to decay and our fortifications to crumble away. Filled with pride at the record of those four years, we felt able to defy the world, and every energy was bent towards the revival of our languishing industries.

The period since 1865 has, however, been a momentous one in the development of military art and science. The breech-loading system of heavy ordnance has been definitely adopted by all nations, and guns have grown in strength and power up to the one hundred and twenty ton forged steel rifles of Krupp, which, with nearly half ton powder charges, throw a full ton of metal to distances beyond ten miles and penetrate two and a half feet of iron a thousand yards away. We see ships encased in over twenty inches of steel and armed with guns weighing one hundred tons and over. Improved designs of hulls, boilers and engines have increased the speed to over fifteen knots* per hour; and the mechanical development of the various types of movable torpedoes has led to the construction of immense fleets of fast torpedo boats.

In the Shoeburyness experiments with the Woolwich eighty-ton muzzle loading gun, firing a one thousand seven hundred pound projectile, a penetration was obtained of twenty-five feet in granite and thirty-two feet in best Portland cement concrete. The one hundred and ten ton breech loader of 1884 has nearly double the muzzle energy of the Woolwich gun, and recent Eng-

* At the final trial (April 19, 1886) of the English belted cruiser "Orlando," a mean speed of 19⅛ knots (22⅛ miles) was attained.

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lish ships are being armed with these weapons. Our masonry forts cannot withstand such an armament. In fact the granite splinters scattered by each penetrating projectile would be an additional source of danger to our cannoneers.

The navy cannot protect us, for we practically have no navy. In his annual report for 1885, Secretary Whitney says: "At the present moment it must be conceded that we have nothing which deserves to be called a navy. It is questionable whether we have a single naval vessel finished and afloat at the present time, that could be trusted to encounter the ships of any important power—a single vessel that has either the necessary armor for protection, speed for escape, or weapons for defense."

Since the above was written, several new cruisers have been added to our navy, but judging from the published reports, their efficiency is at least doubtful.

Even had we the finest navy in the world it would not protect us, as the points of attack are too numerous to be covered by one or even a dozen fleets. This was well illustrated by the maneuvers of the British fleet during the past summer. The naval operations which followed the Grand Naval Review of the Queen's Jubilee culminated in a division of the fleet and an attack on the British coast by the weaker fleet under Admiral Freemantle. Within twenty-four hours from the declaration of war, Falmouth was captured and the shipping destroyed. All attacks by torpedo boats were discovered and frustrated; the coast defense flotilla was captured or destroyed; the Channel squadron under Admiral Hewitt was successfully evaded, and the hostile fleet entered the Thames, destroying the shipping and shelling the London docks. For the first time in two hundred years the inhabitants of London heard the sound of hostile cannon.

These maneuvers created a great sensation in Great Britain. In commenting on the results achieved by Admiral Freemantle, a prominent English authority says: "The only safeguard appears to be a better system of coast defense. The days are past when "Britannia needs no bulwark!"

If the Imperial navy could not protect the coasts of the British Isles, how would it be with our five-thousand mile coast line?

Torpedoes will not protect us. They are only auxiliaries to the forts and can be removed and destroyed with comparative ease unless protected by the fire of strong land batteries. Moreover,

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our visible supply is limited to a few incomplete mines in store at four of our chief ports.

Such is, in brief, our condition to-day. Our wealthy seacoast cities lie at the mercy of any hostile fleet.

What is the probable strength of the attack we may expect in case of war?

Of modern armored ships available for foreign service, England has about thirty-eight, France twenty-eight, Germany twenty-three, Russia ten, Italy eight, Turkey six, Austria nine, Holland eight, Denmark four, Spain five, Brazil five, Japan two, China two and Chili three. The list of unarmored ships far exceeds the above and includes many powerful cruisers.

The imagination can hardly conceive the power of these big guns. The flight of the rifle ball is a favorite simile for swiftness, yet the initial velocity of the Springfield rifle is only about one thousand three hundred and thirty feet per second, while the one hundred and ten ton gun with its nine hundred pound powder charge, throws nearly a ton of metal with a velocity of two thousand and twenty feet per second, half as fast again as the bullet.

There are fifteen ships afloat carrying guns having a range of ten miles or upwards, of which England has three, France six, Italy one, Germany three, and China two. There are twenty-nine ships building or fitting out that will also carry such armaments, of which England has nine, France twelve, Italy four, Russia three, and Denmark one. There are twenty-four ships afloat carrying guns ranging from nine to ten miles, of which England has one, France eight, Italy two, Germany twelve, and Brazil one. Of ships protected by armor having a thickness of twenty or more inches, England has one, France three, and Italy four. Of ships protected by armor having a maximum thickness of fifteen to twenty inches, England has twelve, France fourteen, Italy five, Russia four, Germany four, and Spain one. (These figures include ships now building.) The heaviest armor consists of twenty-four inches of wrought iron on the English ship "Inflexible," nineteen and five-eighths inches of compound armor (iron and steel) on the French ships "Terrible," "Requin" and "Indomptable," and 21.67 inches of steel on the Italian ships "Duilio" and "Dandolo." The Italian ships "Re Umberto" and "Silicia," now building, will be armored with twenty-nine and one-half inches of steel.

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In case of war we may expect attacks from fleets of such vessels with their attendant unarmored cruisers, transports and torpedo boats.

Can a secure defense be made against such a powerful attack?

In the gun-armor contests of the past twenty-five years, the gun-makers have kept pace with the plate-makers, and there is not a single armored ship now afloat that cannot be pierced by the projectiles of modern ordnance. If our harbors are supplied with such ordnance, properly mounted behind secure cover, and equipped with modern appliances for maneuvering guns and handling ammunition; if the channels be well studded with automatic electric torpedoes; and the naval contingent of torpedo boats, gun boats, floating batteries, monitors and war ships be provided, we have a secure defense.

What will be the cost of defense?

For all important coast and lake* harbors the Fortification Board have estimated the cost of a complete system of defenses, including armored turrets and casements, barbette and mortar batteries, rifled guns, torpedoes, torpedo boats and floating batteries, at $126,377,800,† distributed as follows:

New York	$23,948,500	Savannah	$2,243,000
San Francisco	27,868,150	Galveston	950 500
Boston	10,910,250	Portland, Oregon	2,919,000
The Lake ports	4,136,800	Pensacola	948,000
Hampton Roads	7,492,000	Wilmington, N. C.	1,942,000
New Orleans	11,710,500	San Diego	504,000
Philadelphia	3,838,250	Portsmouth, N. H.	965,350
Washington	1,323,500	Cumberland Sound	636,000
Baltimore	2,184,000	Kennebec River	298,000
Portland, Me.	5,305,500	New Bedford	522,000
Narragansett Bay	4,253 000	Penobscot River	298,000
Key West	3,406,500	New Haven	472,000
Charleston	2,244,500		
Mobile	2,738,000	Total	$126,377,800
New London	2,320,500		

Is the probability of our becoming involved in a foreign war sufficiently great to warrant precautionary measures involving such immense outlays?

It is claimed that our geographical isolation and our non-aggressive foreign policy, so remove us from the vortex of European

*Many of these are so situated geographically as to make it impossible to protect them from bombardment by land fortifications. At none would such elaborate works be constructed as are required on the coast.

† In 1826, the Board of Engineers estimated sixteen and a half millions as the total cost of defending our entire coast from Mount Desert Island to the Louisiana frontier; now twenty-four millions are required for New York Harbor alone.

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politics that there is no reason why a "just, equitable and upright government, such as ours," should not pursue indefinitely the paths of peace. Such ideas are fallacious. Wars frequently result from trivial causes. It is not necessary that we should be the aggressors. Grasping rulers or ambitious ministers may place us on the defensive, and strive as we may to avoid war, the insult may be too great to be condoned or the challenge too offensive to be declined.

Our geographical isolation is no longer a practical reality. The locomotive, the screw propeller and the submarine cable have annihilated space and time. Liverpool is now but six days from New York, and in war we measure distances by time, not miles.

It is true that there is no immediate prospect of war, but war can rarely be foretold. Our population comprises some millions of foreigners who have taken upon themselves the character of American citizens, with all the rights and privileges of such. These we are bound to protect in their acquired citizenship. When Martin Koszta, the Hungarian patriot and naturalized American, was seized and conveyed on board an Austrian man-of-war in the harbor of Smyrna, Captain Ingraham cleared his ship for action and demanded and secured Koszta's release at the muzzles of his guns. His action is significant of our policy in this respect. Complications have frequently arisen concerning our German citizens, and the ever turbulent Fenian element in our midst has in the past, and, doubtless, will in the future, strain our relations with England to near, and perhaps beyond, the "limit of elasticity." Who can foretell the ultimate result should some disciple of O'Donovan Rossa repeat Boyton's feat in New York harbor with a loaded torpedo?

The problem of the Canadian fisheries is still unsolved. The control of the Panama Canal, the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in these days of colonial thefts, the conservation of our vast moneyed interests in Mexico, the determination of the Alaskan boundary, in fact a thousand unforeseen incidents may at any moment involve us in diplomatic controversies which can only be settled by the sword. The progress of civilization may have shortened the duration but it has not diminished the frequency of wars. The day "when swords shal. be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks" may be coming, but its shadow is not yet visible.

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Judge Hoar said two years ago, in the Senate Chamber: "Our condition is well known to foreign nations. The absolutely defenseless condition of all our coast is well known abroad. The late Minister of Foreign Affairs in France said to one of our own statesmen, not long since, 'How about your defenses? In the intelligence department of our War Office,' said he, 'we have a drawing of every military work of consequence on the whole American coast line, with comments on their strength. There is not a first-class fortification among them all. Do you know how long it takes to build a first-class modern gun?' said the French Minister. The American replied that he did not. Lacour said: 'It takes a whole year. Your cities would be shelled and sacked and laid under tribute while you are creating a navy; and how could you rebuild your fortifications with one thousand-pound shells falling about the ears of your workingmen? Be sure'—now mark this—'Be sure that the defenseless condition of your country is thoroughly well known and commented upon by every power in Europe that would gladly see you humbled, for, as I said, your prosperity is a dangerous menace to all the nations of the Old World except France.'"

Will the nations that would gladly see us humbled be uninfluenced by the sight of our unprotected coast, dotted with wealthy seaports? Can we expect that they will hesitate about taking part themselves in the humbling process, when a favorable opportunity is presented?

Shall liberal appropriations be made for our coast defenses?

As our present forts and guns are of obsolete types, and as no nation has yet felt able to dispense with coast defenses, the urgent necessity for such liberality is evident. Congress has failed to make any appropriation for the construction of fortifications since 1875, and the annual appropriations "for preservation and repairs" have not sufficed to preserve our unfinished works. The ordnance department has been similarly restricted, the bulk of the appropriations being for experimental purposes, and even then grudgingly appropriated.

The reports of the Getty Board, the Logan, Hawley and Randall committees, the Gun Foundry and Fortification boards, contain a mass of valuable information which should have convinced Congress of the necessity of action. While the reports of the Congressional committees have not always contained specific

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recommendations, the Gun Foundry and Fortification boards presented well-matured plans for the gradual amelioration of our present deplorable condition. These are, in brief: the establishment of a gun factory for the navy at the Washington Navy Yard; another for the army at the Watervliet Arsenal, Troy, New York; an appropriation of one million dollars for each, and a further appropriation of fifteen million dollars for the purchase of forged and tempered steel parts for the fabrication of guns. The Fortification Board, after setting forth in detail the cost of the defenses at each of the twenty-seven ports considered, recommended the appropriation of the following sums: Eight million dollars for the purchase of gun metal from private manufacturers; one million dollars for the establishment of the Watervliet gun factory, and twelve million five hundred thousand dollars for beginning the defenses at the more important ports.

The bill recently introduced in the Senate by the chairman of the Committee on Coast Defenses (Senator Dolph) is based on the recommendations of the Fortification Board. It appropriates $126,000,000 to be made available in ten annual installments of $12,600,000 each. Let us see if there is any good reason why it should not become a law.

Granting the necessity of any expenditure at all, the proposed outlay is not disproportionate either to the value of the property to be protected or to our resources. Twelve millions a year is only two-tenths of one per cent. of the value of the property now exposed, and a nation of sixty million people, with an annual income of $371,000,000 and a treasury surplus of $175,000,000 can surely afford to pay ten or twelve millions annually for twelve years for such a necessary purpose.

The common arguments against this and similar bills may be briefly summarized as follows: (1) Political expediency. (2) We shall have no more foreign wars; no nation dare attack us. (3) Guns and forts can be improvised when war becomes imminent or is actually upon us. (4) There is no necessity for immediate action. We can wait the further development of guns and armor, and ultimately profit by the costly experiments of foreign powers.

Of those who would disregard the constitutional mandate "to provide for the common defense," who would sacrifice our gen-

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eral welfare to the advancement of local interests, I have nothing to say. They are politicians—not statesmen.

That we shall have no more foreign wars is the dream of a visionary or the boast of American pride. We cannot expect exemption from natural laws. Our present condition invites attack.

It takes years to construct modern forts and guns, they cannot be improvised. The Fortification Board estimated that should their plan of most liberal appropriations be adopted by Congress, it would take twelve years to complete our defenses. Under pressure this period might be considerably reduced, at the sacrifice of efficiency and economy, but not to anything like the brief time we would probably have available before the actual commencement of hostilities. The very fact that we are so totally unprepared would tend to precipitate the declaration of war, should such a misfortune become imminent. It takes one year to build a modern large-calibred gun in a well organized factory. The Gun Foundry Board estimated that it will require three years to complete the tools, construct the shops, and establish the plant for the Watervliet factory, after the appropriation shall be made available. It would be at least two years more before a 16-inch rifle could be completed.

The fourth argument is the most specious, and therefore the most dangerous. For fifteen years the conservative English clung to their muzzle-loading wrought-iron rifles; to-day the Woolwich "infant" and the famous eighty ton gun are but types of a past era in the art of gun making. All prejudice has finally been swept aside, and now England is producing all-steel guns as Krupp did forty years ago. As heavy ordnance has increased in weight and power, we have seen the most powerful warships reduced to second and third rates, so far as their defensive armor is concerned, and impregnable armored forts of one period have become easily penetrable in the next decade. The ever-varying contest between big guns and defensive armor has attracted the attention and aroused the interest of the civilized world, and the plate tests at Shoeburyness, Spezzia, Buckau, Bucharest and elsewhere have repeatedly reversed popular opinion and upset the best conceived theories. Naturally one asks when will this contest cease? Is there no final result to be attained, no limit that cannot be passed?

Man's ingenuity is boundless and it is probable that the future will see armor of greater resistance and guns of greater power than

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we now have. The weight of naval armor is, however, limited by the ship's flotation, while for land batteries, with the exception of revolving turrets, weight is a minor consideration. Heavy steel guns are very expensive, costing approximately one thousand dollars per ton, and those of the largest calibre will be very limited in numbers. The preponderance of fire on the side of the defense is obtained by multiplying the number of medium-calibred rifles. The "building up" or assembling the parts of a modern gun is an operation requiring great nicety of detail and mechanical skill only to be attained by familiarity with the work. Such skill is to be acquired in the construction of small and medium calibred guns, of which large numbers are needed. For the defense of the twenty-seven ports previously enumerated, we require forty eight sixteen-inch, twelve fourteen-inch, two hundred and three twelve-inch, two hundred and thirty ten-inch, one hundred and two eight-inch, and four six-inch rifles, and seven hundred twelve-inch, and twenty-four ten-inch mortars. After the completion of the gun factory, it will take at least eight years, with liberal appropriations, to fabricate these guns and mortars. As, at the best, four years must elapse before we can produce any guns at all, it would seem wise to take the initial step without further delay.

Concerning our forts, the Chief of Engineers remarks, in his annual report for 1887: "From the difference of opinion which exists among certain non-military experts as to the character of armor to be used in land defenses, it has been argued that the whole subject of seacoast defense is in an unsettled and tentative condition, and that the policy of inaction now existing should still continue. But the facts will not warrant this conclusion, as more than nine-tenths of the armament recommended for our seacoasts is not to be mounted behind iron protections, but in rear of earthen covers surmounting and shielding the masonry magazines, bomb-proofs and store rooms. Particularly is this true of the rifled mortars, which must hereafter play an important part in the defense of our channels and fairways, and there is no reason why the erection of the batteries required for them should be delayed a single month. Neither is armor required for guns mounted on lifts or disappearing carriages; in a word, proper sums may judiciously be expended and much progress toward placing our coasts in a defensive condition may be made. indeed

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must be made, before the question of armor demands consideration."

In the face of these facts, and in view of our present financial condition, it seems impossible that Congress should still neglect to make provision for our defenseless coasts.

EUGENE GRIFFIN.

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LOOSE DENUNCIATION OF CORPORATIONS.

In an article on "Dangerous Trusts," in the May number of this magazine, the writer, Mr. W. M. Rapsher, seems to me to furnish a rather apt illustration of the prevailing tendency in public discussion, particularly in the discussion of questions bearing upon corporations,—to what I shall call lack of reserve. That is to say, in dealing with the crimes and oppressions of corporations, our writers and orators, whose shining blades so glitter in the forefront of battle, too often make the mistake of exhausting the resources of the mother tongue on the skirmish line.

Some part of the vocabulary should be held in reserve. There are other crimes.

As a rule, superlatives should be used with economy. The temptation to fire them by volleys at the offender immediately at bar is very great, but would it not be better to save some of them for the possibly greater criminal who may come next? That was an apt answer made by the Connecticut person to the angry man who denounced him as "the meanest man in the world:" "I guess," said he, inquiringly, "you don't know my brother Jim?" The story is familiar of the man whose profanity on ordinary occasions was so exhaustive that when the tail-board of his cart came out, and his potatoes all rolled down hill, he was unequal to the emergency, and had to hold his peace from sheer inability to do the subject justice.

In addition to this lack of reserve on the part of our writers and orators, there is a tendency to sweeping generalizations from isolated instances, and hasty judgments upon insufficient evidence, that seem to me not less objectionable. I have frequently observed that the two tendencies go naturally together: the less accurate their information is, the more broadly they generalize and the more freely they indulge in superlatives. Copiousness of language is made to compensate for dearth of facts. Mr. Rapsher, for instance, warming up to the contemplation of the "great

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combinations here in our midst" which "continue to rule and rob us," proceeds to say:

"Let us just for a moment look at things as they really are. Practically, all the great necessities of life in this country, excepting only the air—and that would be monopolized if it had solidity like the earth—are now controlled by soulless and mercenary combinations. Are these things inevitable? Are they the legitimate products of our civilization? If they are, we had better begin anew. But they are not the outgrowth of progress. They are rather fungous growths—horrible excrescences. They are the fruits of bad legislation, and bad judicial construction of already bad laws. Laws enacted by professional politicians have erected monopolies that have already absorbed more than one-half of the wealth of the country and like vampires are sucking the lifeblood of the people."

But *does* Mr. Rapsher "look at things as they really are?" *Are* "all the great necessities of life controlled by soulless and mercenary combinations?" What! All? And *are* these combinations "fungous growths—horrible excrescences?" Why fungous, and if fungous why dangerous? *Are* they "the fruits of bad legislation and bad judicial construction of already bad laws?" Is this the language of exactness or of exaggeration? Our legislative systems may be imperfect—most human institutions are—and the same is true, though perhaps in less degree, of our judicial system; but if we "look at things as they really are," shall we find them both so very "bad?" I suppose the actual potential force in our law-making resides in the few legislators of experience who, being elected and re-elected to legislatures and Congress, render continuous public service. And these, I presume, are the "professional politicians" referred to, who erect monopolies that "like vampires are sucking the lifeblood of the people." Is it then desirable that the function of legislation be intrusted to men without experience?

I make no doubt that Mr. Rapsher is entirely sincere in his belief that "professional politicians" are corrupt, that they make bad laws, and erect monopolies to suck the lifeblood of the people, and that they are helped in their work by bad judges. And very likely he thinks that if these things are "inevitable" and "the legitimate product of our civilization" "we had better begin anew." But this is so hard a saying that I would rather not accept it as his mature judgment until he reads it over slowly and reflects upon it.

The late Dr. Horace Bushnell once said of an acquaintance who had the gift of fluency: "He is a little talkative but per-

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fectly honest; he believes what he says because he hasn't caught up with it."

Any article treating the subject of corporations in the large, free way of Mr. Rapsher would be incomplete without some reference to the Pacific railroads, which have done such service as awful examples for the past twenty years. The article under consideration is not without it. And it hardly need be said that the Pacific roads are mentioned as "gigantic monopolies" and "dangerous excrescences," while their managers figure as "colossal conspirators." These and synonymous terms are the common currency of Pacific Railroad discussion. The public has become so accustomed to it that the language of moderation in treating the subject would be received with surprise. Indeed, the gentlemen who own and manage the Pacific railroads—if I may call them gentlemen without being jeered at and hissed down—are so used to the buffetings of declamatory orators, and the lurid rhetoric of impassioned writers, that anything like calmness or moderation in current public discourse concerning themselves would doubtless impress them as somehow a disturbance of the natural order.

Now, I make no complaint against universal human nature. So long as high words call a crowd on a street corner, so long will the language of denunciation and vituperation when addressed to questions of public interest catch and hold audiences. The great majority of mankind delight in noise—in bugle and drum, and hot talk and hurrah—without caring very much what it is all about so long as they feel the thrill of it. While this lasts—and I suppose it will survive for several generations at least—there will always be plenty of orators and writers "making it warm" for their fellow-men; some saving the country, and some selling soap. I find no fault with these either. It is their calling. They are probably not bad men at heart. It would no doubt surprise them to find that any one of the men whom they are foaming at the mouth about, objected to being denounced as a corruptor of public morals, a conspirator, swindler and robber.

I was reading not long ago in a Chicago newspaper a report of a lecture in that city by Professor Swing, in which it was said that he "incidentally paid his respects to Congress" in this wise: "We have a singular phenomenon in this country now, and it is a phenomenon because it is so singular. We have a government owning

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a great railroad, 2,000 miles long, and it hasn't the moral courage to take hold of its property." This is the sort of thing that thrills audiences, and it is Professor Swing's business to thrill. He must not permit truth to trip his periods, or facts to dam his fluency. The main thing is to please the audience. The report continues: "The congregation was visibly pleased with this hit, and just as visibly wanted more of it." Whoever had interrupted this mutual ecstasy with the statement that there was really no "phenomenon" about it, because the government does not own the great railroad and could not take hold of the property though it had all the "moral courage" of Don Quixote himself, would have stood a good chance for the thwacking which the Knight of the Woful Figure sometimes administered to the disbelievers in "enchantment." And would have deserved it too. Why disenchant orator and audience so delightfully enchanted with each other?

The orator proceeded: "That property is now in the hands of men who never spent a cent for it, and they ask us to wait a hundred years for the return of what we own. Think of it! a thief deliberately asks 100 years' time in which to return stolen goods."

The reporter whose annotations describe in a graphic manner the thrill of the audience and its reaction on the orator, at this point says: "The audience, which had long been under the influence of the orator, was at first inclined to applaud,"—applaud what? the original theft, or the request for 100 years' time to return the proceeds?—"but it halted quickly and there was a sensation of silence, to which the Professor added much when he continued: 'But I am most surprised to see men in Congress stand up and argue for days that these thieves be given the time they demand. The abuse of public money is not an error, but a crime.'"

The orator is right in his conclusion. "The abuse of public money is not an error, but a crime." It is not especially new or startling, but it is a sententious saying and lends a graceful turn to the period. None of the assertions with which the orator leads up to it are true, but that is not a "singular phenomenon" or "a phenomenon because it is so singular." His method is the common practice of orators and writers who know what their audiences and readers want in the treatment of this subject, and who aim to please. There is nothing phenomenal about it.

And if Professor Swing should ever catch up with what he has been saying, or be pressed for an answer as to whether he actually

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believed that the government owned this two thousand miles of railroad, or that it had not the moral courage to take hold of its property, or that the property was in the hands of men who never spent a cent for it, or that thieves were asking for one hundred year's time in which to return the stolen goods, or that men in Congress were standing up and arguing for thieves, he would probably admit that he was only following a prevailing custom. that as a matter of fact he had made no inquiries as to the truth of the charges to which he gave such fluent and eloquent vent, and knew practically nothing about the subject. But he could hardly have spoken more unreservedly concerning Pontius Pilate.

So Mr. Rapsher, convinced by the diligent reading of newspapers that the projectors of the Pacific roads were thieves, that Congress was corrupted by a railway ring, that the recent investigation had exposed a vast system of robberies, and that the government and the people were under the heel of these great monopolies, moralizes thereon with breezy freedom. These roads, he says, "were built by private parties with money obtained from the sale of government bonds and lands. The men who obtained control of this work not only paid to themselves extravagant prices for doing it, but they robbed the treasury of thirty-three millions of dollars over and above their own estimate of the cost of the roads." This is concise, but inaccurate. It conveys a wrong impression.

A more exact statement would be that the government, finding that it was paying between $7,000,000 and $8,000,000 for transportation between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, offered to lend its six per cent. bonds to the amount of $60,000,000, the annual interest on which would be $3,600,000, to private parties who would build a railroad to do the business, stipulating that one-half the transportation charges should be applied to the payment of the interest, five per cent. of the net earnings of the road should go towards extinguishing the principal, and that the loan should be repaid at the end of thirty years, that payment of interest on the bonds except as above specified was by the terms of the charter postponed till the maturity of the debt, not as a favor to the companies, but because the government, was certain to save the interest charges in its own transportation accounts—the correctness of this forecast being subsequently shown by the fact that the actual saving in this particular to January 1, 1886, was over $139,000,000, and that the transaction being a specific loan upon

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well-defined security, and precise terms of payment, all of which have been complied with according to the highest adjudication, there could not have been any robbery of the treasury, however extravagant may have been the prices paid themselves by the contractors out of the sums realized from the government loan.

That is the whole story, briefly stated. I am aware that it is utterly dull; that it contains nothing to thrill the reader with the pleasurable warmth imparted by the glowing periods of Mr. Rapsher, or the tingling denunciations of Professor Swing. Its only merit is that it is true and verifiable from the record.

Mr. Rapsher is apprehensive lest these gigantic corporations, which he says, with an easy command of language, "are despotic in spirit, tyrannical in method, openly hostile to liberty and free institutions, and threatening menaces to the pursuit of happiness and to equality and equal opportunities under the law," may eventually defy "the vast powers of the General Government," they being already "beyond and above the control of municipal ordinances or State laws." If he will take the pains to examine the recent legislation of Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and several other States, as well as the acts of Congress on this subject, he will be re-assured on this point. So far from controlling Congress or the legislatures, the railroads have come to be considered by these bodies their legitimate quarry.

Mr. Rapsher's fears on this head remind me of the man who was told by the clergyman that he ought not to let his sons go out hunting on Sunday, but should bring them up in the fear of the Lord. "Fear of the Lord is just what ails 'em," answered the fond father, "there aint one of 'em dares go out Sunday without a double-barreled gun." Most of our legislators have been so trained up in the fear of railroad corporations that they don't dare approach one without a double-barreled gun.

Mr. Rapsher expresses his conviction that if the government had built the Pacific roads and operated them, though "there might have been some stealing, and the managers might have gained some political influence," they "could not have gained such influence over Congress as that exercised by the railway ring and disclosed by the Credit Mobilier investigation, or that all of them together could have committed such robberies as have been exposed by the recent report of the Pacific Railway Commission." It may be true that the government could have built

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and operated the roads more honestly than those who have managed them, though with "some stealing;" but if Mr. Rapsher had read either of the reports to which he refers he would have learned, first, that the only influence the "railway ring" exposed by the Credit Mobilier investigation exercised over Congress was to provoke that body to hostile legislation, which it has continued to this day; and second, that the Pacific Railway Commission, in its 6,000 printed pages, discloses nothing that answers the description of "robbery," unless, indeed, the Proudhon maxim be accepted, that "all property is robbery."

It must be admitted, of course, that a great deal of powerful invective and stirring eloquence will be lost if the examination of such voluminous authorities be insisted on as an essential qualification for intelligent treatment of the subject. It is easier to catch both information and inspiration from the "scare heads" in a newspaper. Still, I venture to suggest that as this rather loose, though eloquent, denunciation of corporations, and especially of the Pacific roads, has gone on uninterruptedly for several years, there should be a rest of a few moments while somebody who has been twirling a nimble pen in the press or getting red in the face on the platform sends out for a fact or two, with which to season his discourse. It will take time, but it will be worth it.

ISAAC H. BROMLEY.

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NEW FACTS ABOUT MRS. SURRATT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JUDGE HOLT AND HON. JAMES SPEED.

THROUGH the courtesy of Judge J. Holt, I have been favored with the following correspondence, which throws fresh light upon a dark page in the History of the Civil War. The execution of Mrs. Surratt has provoked and still continues to provoke great diversity of opinion, and these documents, now first given to the public, are important, not only as contributions to the History of the Times, but involve the interesting question of the rights and duties of a cabinet officer in declining to make known certain facts coming to his knowledge in an unofficial manner.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

WASHINGTON, *April* 18, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: In compliance with the promise made in our last conversation, I now enclose you two pamphlets, published by me in 1873, in vindication of myself from the charge of having, when presenting the record of Mrs. Surratt's trial to President Johnson, withheld from him a petition signed by five members of the Court, recommending, in consideration of her age and sex, a commutation of her death sentence to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary, in consequence of which he was led to approve the proceedings and sentence without any knowledge whatever of the existence of this petition. You were a member of his Cabinet, and I have the strongest reasons for believing that this atrocious accusation is known to you to have been false in its every intendment. It originated with President Johnson, and for years was industriously circulated by his unscrupulous abettors, though he himself did not dare make *open* proclamation of it until he felt assured through your letter of 30th March,

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1873, that no damaging disclosures were to be apprehended from yourself. It will be gratifying to me if you can spare the time to carefully examine the proofs arrayed in my defense in these pamphlets. They will make it apparent to you that nothing but your own testimony is needed to render my vindication so complete as to silence the most malignant of my traducers. This testimony I asked of you in 1873, and now solicit it again, but not wholly as a personal matter. The question whether a President of the United States—as a craven refuge from accountability for official action—did seek to blacken the reputation of a subordinate officer holding a confidential interview with him, is in no just sense a private question; it is essentially a public one, which concerns the whole country, and one to which the country may well expect you to speak, seeing that you were a member of that President's Cabinet at the time of this disgraceful transaction. Your unwillingness, thus to speak to it in 1873, seemed to have arisen from an exaggerated estimate of a rule which once prevailed in regard to the inviolability of cabinet counsels and secrets. But whatever may have been, in the remote past, the recognized force of this rule, the frequent and conspicuous disregard of it, during the last two decades, by statesmen of the highest probity and rank, leaves the impression that the rule itself has lived its day and is now practically dead and inoperative. Waiving, however, this view, it is clear to me, that were the rule accepted as now binding, in its utmost rigor, it could have no application to this case. I cannot be misled in supposing that the relations between the President and his Cabinet are relations of honor, and that, therefore, they cannot be held to oblige any member of his Cabinet to protect, by his concealment—and thus become a moral accomplice in it—any criminal or wrongful act into which the President may be drawn, by a guilty ambition or by any other unworthy passion or purpose. In a word, the rule never has been, and never should be so construed as to become a shelter for perfidy or crime. I trust you will concur in this opinion and will yet believe with me, as a corollary from it, that no custom or usage can possibly impose upon you as a *duty* an obligation to stand guard over and shield, by your silence, from exposure, a base falsehood, concocted and propagated by a treacherous Executive, in the hope of escaping from the responsibility of his own official conduct, and to this end destroying the reputation of an officer of the government per-

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forming a public service in his presence—a service, certainly not sought by that officer, but exacted from him by the requirements of the position he held. And yet, an interpretation of the rule mentioned, which would now close your lips, must assign you precisely this rôle and no other, and must, at the same time, offer to you for immolation the good name of an innocent man, who never wronged you, but who has been throughout your steadfast friend. Which then will you sacrifice—the falsehood or the friend? Pardon the freedom with which I address you. The issue of this discussion is so vastly important for me—and I venture to think that it is not wholly unimportant for yourself—that plainness of speech seems due to us both.

Can I be mistaken in the ground I occupy? Your associates in the Cabinet—Messrs. Seward and Stanton—condemning the rule by which I have been so long victimized, declared the truth fully to Judge Bingham,* as he has so forcibly set forth in his letter—to which you are referred. I repeat, they declared it not only freely, but unhesitatingly, utterly heedless of the brand which it might burn into the Presidential forehead.

Allow me to add, that we are now, each of us, far advanced in years, so that whatever is to be done for my relief should be done quickly. While, however, it is sadly apparent that I can remain here but a little while longer, I have not been able to bring myself to the belief, that you will suffer the closing hours of my life to be darkened by a consciousness that this cloud, or even a shred of it, is still hanging over me—a cloud which can be dissipated at once and forever, by a single word spoken by yourself in defense of the truth and in rebuke of a calumny, the merciless cruelty of which none can better understand than yourself. I make this final appeal to your honor as a man to do me the simple justice which under the same circumstances I would render to you at once promptly and joyfully.

Very sincerely yours,

J. Holt.

*This praise was certainly due to Mr. Seward, but not, in strictness, to Mr. Stanton, since on making the communication to Judge Bingham, he endeavored, and successfully, to prevent him from giving it publicity. The fear of Andrew Johnson's resentment, added to a determination on his part to leave my reputation—then under fire from his silence—to its fate, sufficiently explains his otherwise inexplicable conduct.

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LAW OFFICE OF JAMES SPEED.

Office of Thomas and John Speed,
Attorneys at Law, 511 West Green Street.
LOUISVILLE, Ky., *April* 25, 1883.

GENERAL JOE HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SIR: I received your letter Saturday last. Soon after the receipt I lost my spectacles, which are peculiar, and did not find them till this morning. I will read the papers at my earliest leisure, being now much absorbed in two cases, and after reading them will write to you. I will preserve them carefully.

Most truly your friend,
JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *June* 21, 1883.

GEN. JAMES SPEED:

MY DEAR SIR: It isjust two months to-day—as evidenced by your receipt transmitted to me by the postal authorities—since my letter of the 18th of April reached your hands, and yet I am still without reply. In view of our past relations and of the spirit and purpose of my communication, I could not have supposed this result possible. It would be needless to express, as I feel it, the bitterness of the disappointment which this treatment of my appeal to you has occasioned me. Suffice it to say, that if I know my own heart, under no conceivable circumstances could I be induced to manifest such profound indifference to any declared wish of yours, affecting either your reputation or any other of your cherished interests. As you have doubtless arrived at a conclusion on the question submitted for your consideration, I have to request that, at your earliest convenience, you will be so good as to re-enclose to me in a registered envelope the pamphlets which accompanied my letter, and which were sent by your desire for your examination.

Sincerely yours,
J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, *June* 21,* 1883.

HON. JOE HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: I found your letter of the 21st on my table Monday morning, and read it with concern and surprise. You say, considering our past relations, that you know of no conceivable

* This date, through an oversight, is evidently incorrect. The *Postmark* is 27th June, which is no doubt the true date of the letter.

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circumstance that would induce you to manifest such profound indifference to my wishes or interest as I have done to yours. To this sharp rebuke I have only to state facts. (Here follows a reference to the circumstances which, he alleges, had prevented him from writing, but being personal and private in their character, they are omitted.)

This sorrow came upon me, too, when busily engaged in preparing two as important cases as I ever had, in each of which I am chiefly relied upon. One of them is now on trial, and I will be exclusively occupied on it for many days to come. Since I saw you I have often thought of you and my promise, but under the circumstances felt that I could neither do you or myself justice. I can only repeat my promise to take up the matter as soon as I can. What I may do or say I cannot tell; I will do all that my sense of right and honor will permit.

I am, sir, as ever, your sincere friend,

JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *October* 22, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: It is just *six* months from to-day, since my letter of the 22d April last reached your hands, and yet I am still without any reply to it whatever. This prolonged silence on your part declares, as emphatically as words could do, that it is not your purpose to give me the information which I asked of you in terms which, though rendered earnest by the importance of the subject to me, were entirely respectful.

I have now only to request that, at your earliest convenience, you will be so good as to return to me, in a registered envelope, the two pamphlets, sent to you at your suggestion, for examination. I have no other copies, and am the more anxious to possess myself of them again, because I shall probably have occasion to use them before a great while.

Very respectfully yours,

J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., *October* 25, 1883.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT, Washington, D. C.:

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 22d reached me yesterday A. M., and I would have answered it yesterday, but the son who writes for me was necessarily absent all day.

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Herewith you will find the paper you desire.

I assure you, my dear sir, that nothing outside of my own family troubles has ever given me as much concern and anxiety as the matter about which you desire me to speak. After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said. My friend, the Rev. E. P. Humphrey, called upon me upon the subject at the instance of Bishop Kavinaugh. He informed me that he (Bishop K.) thought that I had seen in President Johnson's hands a written recommendation from you to the President to commute the sentence of Mrs. Surratt to imprisonment for life. How Bishop K. got such a notion I cannot divine. Certain it is, that I never saw such a document either in the President's hands or at any other place.*

Deeply regretting that I cannot comply with your wishes,

I am, most truly your friend,

JAMES SPEED.

WASHINGTON, *December* 19, 1883.

HON. JAMES SPEED:

DEAR SIR: After the lapse of six months I received your reply to my communication to you of the 18th of April last. You state, "After very mature and deliberate consideration, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot say more than I have said," referring thus to your letter to me of the 30th March, 1873, in which, speaking of the record of the trial of the assassins of the President, you used this language:

"After the finding of the Military Commission that tried the assassins of Mr. Lincoln, and before their execution, I saw the record of the case in the President's office, and attached to it was a paper, signed by some of the members of the Commission, recommending that the sentence against Mrs. Surratt be commuted to imprisonment for life; and, according to my memory, the recommendation was made because of her sex."

* The good Bishop had entirely misconceived the matter. I never presented or claimed to have presented any petition of clemency in the case of Mrs. Surratt, *on my own account*. The petition I did present was that signed by five members of the Military Commission which tried the assassins of the President, and *this* General Speed saw attached to the record of trial in the President's office, and knows well that it was considered by him.

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"I do not feel at liberty to speak of what was said at Cabinet meetings. In this, I know, I differ from other gentlemen, but feel constrained to follow my own sense of propriety."

I could but infer from the closing words that the information sought at your hands, and now again desired by me, had come to you as a member of the President's Cabinet, and that treating it as confidential you did not feel warranted in disclosing it, and it was upon this understanding of your position that I discussed the question in my letter to you of the 18th of April. Since then, however, I have learned that, although you gained the information while a member of the Cabinet, it was not strictly in your capacity as such, but that at the moment I laid before the President the record of the trial, with the recommendation for clemency on behalf of Mrs. Surratt, you chanced to be so situated as to be assured by the evidence of your own senses that such petition or recommendation was by me then presented to the President, and was the subject of conversation between him and myself. In the absence of any declaration by you on the subject, I cannot, of course, assert with certainty, whether your knowledge of my action reached you in this manner or not; nor do I deem it important to inquire. It is the fact that you have the information, and not the mode of its acquisition, which constitutes the basis of my claim upon you. That you have complete knowledge that I submitted to the President the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt referred to, has not been controverted by you in any way, nor have you insisted that you hold this knowledge under any actual pledge not to reveal it. On the contrary, in the course of our conversation last spring, you suggested that you should write me a letter, giving me the information desired, but not to be used until after my death. Wishing, naturally enough, that the light of my vindication should fall upon the pathway of my life, and not be reserved for my grave, I did not encourage this view, but said—and I think truly—that a letter thus strangely withheld from the public would not, when it appeared, be credited.

I cannot but deplore that you found nothing in my elaborately prepared letter of the 18th April worthy of answer or comment. You make no allusion to any of the considerations pressed upon your attention. You offer no reason for the resolution heretofore taken and now so inflexibly adhered to. It seems to me that it was due to the extraordinary ground you occupy that you should

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have frankly explained yourself, in order that I might be enabled to judge intelligently of the influence under which you are acting. A resolution which persists in being dumb, which cannot be importuned to explanation or speech, which will neither reason nor be reasoned with, is not one suggestive of conscious strength, but rather of conscious weakness and indefensibility.

You say that the matter about which I have asked you to speak, has given you "much concern and anxiety." I am glad to hear this. Your heart would be obdurate indeed, if you did not feel "concern and anxiety" at finding yourself so placed, as to be obliged, in your own judgment, to become, in the interests of treachery and calumny, an instrument for blasting the reputation of a man who never wronged you, and whom you know to be innocent. How your well trained intellect could have been so far deluded—for I cannot believe that you have felt any unfriendliness towards me—as to allow you to accept such a rôle, passes my comprehension. Your enactment of this rôle, in despite of all entreaty to be just, strikes me as a sad departure from the whole tenor of your past life. The tenor of that life, so devoted to the advocacy of the right, and so scornful of the meanness of oppression of all kinds, justified me in anticipating from you a declaration both of resentment, and of shame, at the attempt of a President—of whose Cabinet you had been a member—to destroy by perfidy a subordinate officer who had been obliged to hold a confidential interview with him, and when to this is added the further fact, that it has been proposed and expected to consummate this monstrous wickedness through your connivance, I should not have been surprised at any, even the most vehement, utterance of your indignation.

Your forbearance towards Andrew Johnson, of whose dishonorable conduct you have been so well advised, is a great mystery to me. With the stench of his baseness in your nostrils you have been all tenderness for him, while for me, his contemplated victim, you have been and are as implacable as fate. You seem, even at some hazard to your own character, resolved to shield his from the brand which should rest upon it. When in your letter of March 30, you alleged that you had seen in the President's office the record of the trial of the assassins, with the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt attached to it, Andrew Johnson answered, under his own signature and with emphasis, that you were "mistaken." Now

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this word, had it been applied to an opinion expressed by you, or to information you had received from others, might have conveyed no offense; but when applied, as it was, to what you claimed to have seen with your own eyes, and which you could not possibly have confounded with anything else, it necessarily impeached, not merely the accuracy of your statement, but *its integrity* as well. Yet you have suffered the question of veracity, thus raised, to pass into history, unchallenged and unresponded to. I marvel at this and conjecture in vain the reason of so tame a submission to such insolent mendacity.

Your silence, under this defiant action of Andrew Johnson, was a grievous blunder. Certainly he had at least no known claim upon you, which could have required of you the enormous self-sacrifice of preferring the safety of his reputation to that of your own.

My relations to the information you possess are such as to give me an interest, and I may well add a property in it, which, I say it with respect, cannot be honorably ignored. It is of no value to you, but it is the armor of my character and life, and it borders upon a crime to despoil me of it. You hold it simply as a sacred trust for whom it most concerns, and you can no more rightfully deprive me of it than you could rightfully deprive me of any other treasure of mine which might by accident fall into your hands. Suppose you should happen to overhear villains plotting a murder or a burglary, could you, in your conscience, withhold information thus acquired from their intended victim or from the officers of public justice? The case before you is a stronger one than that. True, the plot, the hideous deformity of which your testimony would lay bare, was not against life or dwelling, but it was against, what every well ordered head and heart must regard as yet more precious, the character of an innocent man and grossly traduced public officer. You do greatly err, if you think such an offender can be sheltered by you from exposure and condemnation without becoming yourself soiled by such contact with him, and without tasting, sooner or later, the fruit of the tree you have planted. In despite of all human vigilance and human devices, the poisoned chalice still, under the guidance of God, often returns to plague the inventor. I wish you a better fortune than this—even the fortune of being yet willing to do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

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There are duties which we owe to each other, not only as friends, or citizens of the same country, but as members of the same human family. It is one of these duties, which seems wholly disregarded, when by your inexorable silence you give such aid and comfort to my calumniator as to become—whatever may be your wishes—in effect, morally his accomplice. In this I cannot realize that you respond either to the demands or the inspirations of your past noble career. As you must of course believe that there is some sentiment of honor, some principle of morality or justice which will excuse the treatment received from you in this matter, I deeply regret that you have not thought proper to name it.

I am not only a firm but a joyful believer in the ultimate triumph of the truth and in the retribution which awaits those who—throwing down the gauntlet to God—so wickedly war upon it. When Mr. Stanton, under the influence of the relations existing between them, made known to Judge Bingham, in answer to his inquiry, that the recommendation in favor of Mrs. Surratt was before the President and considered by him, he enjoined upon the Judge *silence* in reference to the communication, and when the Judge for the purpose of refuting the calumnies then being circulated by Johnson's emissaries, wished to give publicity to the communication, Mr. Stanton advised him not to do so, but "to rely on the final judgment of the people"—thus *committing my reputation to the arbitrament of a tribunal from which the proofs of my innocence were to be carefully excluded.* It was a deliberate and merciless sacrifice of me, so far as he could accomplish it. While he lived, this enforced silence was scrupulously observed, and he doubtless felt assured that this cloud—the darkening folds of which he had thus helped to stretch over me—would continue and would blacken my name to the end of my days. It was not, however, in the allotments of Providence, that his life should be lengthened out to perpetuate so pitiless an outrage. Hence, in due time, a power, mightier than even the "great War Secretary," appeared upon the scene, and so, after the Secretary had, amid the world's funeral pomp, gone down into his sepulchre, the truth came up out of the grave to which he had consigned it, and being thus resurrected and openly announced by Judge Bingham, I was saved from the ruin with which I had been threatened and to which your silence might otherwise

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have devoted me. But you may say that no such calamity for me has been intended; still it must not be forgotten that the law—whose wisdom we have both been taught to believe in—maintains, and justly, that all men—and especially men of your rare intelligence—must be held to intend the natural consequences of their actions. On this necessarily implied intent, rests their responsibility. In view of the spirit of the course pursued by you towards me, as manifested by your evident determination to guard my traducer from deserved disgrace, heedless of all possible consequences to myself, I cannot but give hearty and continued thanks, that my reputation—though at one time so much imperiled—has never been wholly at your mercy.

When Andrew Johnson read your letter of the 30th of March, he interpreted and accepted it as a guaranty that you would reveal nothing to his prejudice in connection with his accusation against myself, and he lived thereafter, strengthened and gladdened by the sense of security with which your words had inspired him, and now that he has died and "gone to his own place," if the spirits of the departed are permitted to have cognizance of the affairs of the world they have left, he is doubtless, in this very hour, rejoicing with exceeding great joy, that his guilty secret is still so faithfully kept for him by his ex-Attorney-General.

The supreme importance for me, of the appeal made to you, will, I trust, satisfactorily explain the directness of my language, which, though an earnest, has been intended to be a perfectly respectful expression of my painful sense of the wrong which I am suffering.

Very sincerely yours,

J. HOLT.

LOUISVILLE, *December* 26, 1883.

DEAR SIR: I had hoped that my letter of October 25, 1883, would be regarded by you as a finality, and put an end to all correspondence between us upon the subject thereof.

If it is an evidence of conscious weakness for me to determine for myself what I, as a gentleman, should or should not do, I freely acknowledge myself amenable to the charge. If it be an evidence of conscious weakness for me not to enter into a fruitless debate with you as to the propriety of my conduct, I also confess myself guilty.

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When Andrew Johnson was alive I wrote to you that I would speak if he would give his consent, which letter you published.* Mr. Johnson failed or refused to give his consent. Now he being dead, it would be wrong for me to speak.

Very respectfully,

JAMES SPEED.

* This presents an extraordinary lapse of memory on the part of General Speed. Upon referring to the letter, of which he speaks—and which was published, in its entirety, in a pamphlet that he had in his possession at the time of writing—it will be seen that he made no allusion whatever to any willingness to speak provided Andrew Johnson would give his consent. Had he done so, I should at once have made an open appeal to Johnson to declare his consent; but he did nothing of the kind. Neither in this nor in any other letter did he make any such proposal, directly or indirectly, or give the slightest intimation in that direction. If, however, the rôle of suppressing the truth, which he had voluntarily assumed, had been at all irksome to him, or if he had felt the least inclination to shield my reputation from a loathsome calumny, he would himself have taken the initiative and demanded of Johnson a release from the imaginary obligation to silence, which he insists had closed his lips. In view of the fact that he utterly failed to do this and sought no relief of any kind from this obligation, there will be scarcely two opinions as to the real animus which controlled him then and has controlled him since.

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THE ISSUES OF THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

To any one who is keeping pace with the political history of his country, it is not a matter of serious difficulty to well define the issues of the coming campaign. It is a mistake to assert that there are no distinctive principles upon which the parties separate, and that the contest will merely be one for the offices of the country, and for the control of spoils and government patronage. Of course with some people no campaign is ever anything else. They look upon a party merely as an instrument invented to distribute party rewards and public plunder among those who are entitled to it. And, when you scale the situation down, you will find that a number of those who take an active, earnest interest in the success of a particular party, are not entirely influenced by feelings of patriotism, or love of party principles. This is the truth, and it may as well be asserted; and it is quite natural that it should be so, both from an ethical and practical standpoint. It were well if it were otherwise a little more than what it is. It would inspire a little greater public confidence in the zeal and enthusiasm that fires up the nation's spokesmen whenever political contests are being waged, and one could listen with greater sympathy and approval to the warnings that ring from every hustings if he could only feel that the orator was either not a placeman, or had not the anticipation of becoming one, or had not some political favor to ask at the hands of the only party, in his opinion, at all qualified to administer the reins of government.

It will not be gainsaid that a political party is to some extent a machine, and that the chances are in favor of its continuing to remain one for some time to come. We may revolt against its being one; we may unloosen some of the works that constitute it such; but machine it is, and will continue to be, as long as organization, partisanship, and leadership are recognized as necessary factors in political contests. It were much better, it must be conceded, if all this could be done away with, and that the success of a party

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should be alone dependent upon the free expression of the people's sentiment, untrammeled by artificial influences of this sort; but this is not the case, and the best remedy that can be applied is to treat the situation as it exists, and free it as much as possible from the evils that surround it; follow leadership, if it be honest; maintain organization upon a decent popular basis, cut it loose from corrupt surroundings, and promote and foster a spirit of independent thought and action within the party lines. The time has not yet arrived when any man or set of men can claim to be better or stronger than either of the great parties that now divide the popular feeling of the country.

We have made these remarks because we do not believe that the success of either party would make any substantial difference, as far as the material welfare of the nation is concerned, and because our stability as a government, and our prosperity as a people, are not dependent upon party success at the present time. The question is, not whether we shall be plunged into disaster and ruin if one party or the other succeeds; but which one of the two great parties, under existing circumstances, is better fitted to confer upon us an honest, an efficient, and an economical administration of public affairs. Let us regard the situation from this point of view, and see if we can frame the actual issues, not the feigned and pretended ones, upon which the people will be called upon to pass judgment at the coming election. The principal ground upon which the parties branch off, is upon the broad field of taxation, and of the proper manner in which the public revenues shall be administered.

At the present writing, the bill for the reduction of the revenue is under discussion in the House of Representatives; but whatever may be its outcome, it is absolutely certain that this issue is one upon which there can be no plan of compromise agreed upon between the parties. This subject has been almost exhausted under the protracted debate that has been devoted to it; but it is nevertheless necessary to state the principles that underlie it, and which will continue to be discussed until an adjustment satisfactory to the people is arrived at.

First—It is admitted on all sides that the increase of revenues over expenditures calls for remedial legislation of some sort, and that it will not do, under any circumstances, to permit the continually increasing surplus to flow into the treasury without

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making some disposition of it, or making an effort to prevent its accumulation.

Second—The Democratic party is irrevocably pledged to the proposition that the surplus must be reduced by a reduction of taxation, and that the larger part of the reduction must be made by reducing custom house duties. The Republican party is not a unit upon this question. Judging from the addresses of its leaders in the House of Representatives, each one of them appears to have a little platform of his own, and each one of them appears to be in direct conflict with the acknowledged leader of the whole of them, who has stood up in Congress term after term as the apostle of protection, and, until lately, the spokesman of the Republican party upon that issue.

Third—The Democratic party, whatever may be the result of the present controversy in Congress, will go before the people upon the distinct issue that the present tariff must be reduced, and that the plan of reduction must be directed in the first place towards the lowering of duties, or the placing upon the free list of certain raw materials that enter into the production of our manufactures, and that in return therefor, what is known and designated as the compensating duty must be proportionately reduced upon the manufactured product, and that no reduction shall be made which shall in justice permit the manufacturer to reduce the standard of American wages. In other words, the manufacturer shall retain incidental protection largely more than sufficient to cover the difference in wages between the lowest-priced labor of other countries and the highest-priced labor here, employed upon the article and product that he is manufacturing.

Fourth—The Democratic party will stand upon the ground that wherever the manufacturer receives his raw materials free, or at a reduced cost, that he can safely stand a reduction of duty upon his manufactures, and that the industrial schedules shall not be changed so as to affect the wages of his employés.

Fifth—Taking this ground, the Democratic party will claim that the present tariff duties upon a large number of articles in the schedules are entirely too high; that they foster and promote monopoly at the expense of the laborer and the consumer, and that the people of this country have a right to demand a reduction upon the necessities of life, and a right to demand that they shall not be taxed beyond the requirements of government, economic-

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ally administered. These are in brief some of the broad cardinal distinctions upon the subject of taxation which will divide the parties, which will be again discussed before the people, and to which they will again be asked to give an impartial and intelligent hearing.

In this brief *résumé*, as much as we would like to, it would be impossible to go into the question any deeper. One of the greatest debates that has ever taken place in the House of Representatives has just been concluded upon this subject, and the views of the leaders upon both sides clearly and ably express the convictions of their respective parties upon this all-important question. The next issue that will be presented will be in reference to the status of the respective parties upon the civil service law, the manner in which it has been and should be enforced, and whether its continuance and enlargement, and the extension of its provisions, would or would not promote the welfare of the people and the ends of good government.

This is a wide field, and involves questions of paramount importance which cannot be evaded or ignored. Whatever may be said in connection with the utterances of the Democratic platform upon this subject, there can be but one opinion about the proclamation upon which the President planted himself in his letter of acceptance in 1884, and that is that his views are expressed in terms that left no doubt in the public mind as to his position and decided convictions upon this matter. The Democratic party cannot take a backward step in this direction, unless it does so in open defiance of the assurances and promises of its recognized leader and exponent. Individuals may differ as to the expediency or necessity of the law; but the Democratic party as a party has taken a position upon it that is irrevocable, and has guaranteed to the people an honest, an efficient, and a faithful performance of its promises. Has the President carried out his promises in this regard? We think he has, and we believe the country thinks so, too. Coming into power at the head of a party which for nearly a quarter of a century had been excluded from the offices of the country, the difficulties that surrounded him in his efforts to put into operation a civil-service policy based upon fitness for office and not upon party service, were almost insurmountable. A weaker man would have yielded to the pressure that was brought to bear against him; but he mapped out

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his line of action, and the present condition of the civil service of the country is the evidence upon which the integrity of his conduct will be tried. It is not just to select a flaw here and there, and not give him the benefit of the whole system in vogue under his administration, and the general results that he has accomplished. Are they an improvement upon the service under former administrations? Is there a higher grade of efficiency in the various departments? Has he called to his help at the heads of the departments honest, competent, patriotic advisers, and have they in turn performed their official duties, not for the benefit of a party, but for the best interests of the whole country? There can be but one answer to this from any one who comes in contact with the different branches of the government service, or who has observed their working under the present administration. It is a wonder and a surprise that this comparison between the present and the past has not been more clearly insisted upon and prominently brought forward by the friends of the Democratic party.

Why not then take in the whole situation and go before the people and make the inquiry fearlessly, which has been the better administration for the people, which has been managed upon a higher plane, which has been more honestly and honorably conducted; that of President Cleveland or that of any of his predecessors since the close of the civil war? The Republican party does not occupy a fair or a sincere stand upon the civil-service law. Their idea of a civil-service law honestly administered is a law that will keep Republicans in office and Democrats out of office, and the party as a party it is pretty safe to assert is favor of the law and of a rigid observance of its terms, because they believe it will have that effect to some extent at least. We do not mean to say for a moment that there are not a large number of the members of the Republican party who are not honestly and earnestly impressed with the value and efficacy of the law, and who honestly believe in the thorough execution of it because they think it truly subserves the best interests of the people. The Republican party comprises some of the ablest men of independent thought and action in the country, of whom we may take a man like Carl Schurz as a prominent example and illustration, and who believes in the system because he is convinced and satisfied that it is conducive to good government, and that it would be a great shame in the strictly

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business departments of the public service to supplant it with a system which does not make merit the sole test for appointments for office. What we do assert is that the managers and the politicians of the Republican party, of whom Mr. Blaine, for instance, is an illustrious example, are not in favor of a civil-service law for the same reasons and upon the same grounds that men of the calibre and character and independence of Mr. Schurz are, but they simply stand under it because it stands by them in keeping their party friends in office and preventing their removal. They are not the kind of men to taunt Mr. Cleveland with any violation of the letter of the law, because their fidelity to it is simply one of policy and selfishness; and if they were to get into power, it requires no prophetic vision to predict that they would ride rough-shod over it wherever there was a loop-hole of escape, and wherever they could reward a faithful follower by so doing.

There are numerous other issues between the parties which the limited space of this article will not permit us to refer to; prominent among them will be the remarkable record of the present administration, in securing for the homestead settler millions of acres of our public lands, and releasing them from the control of powerful corporations who had usurped them and claimed their ownership in violation of law, and in defiance of the express conditions under which the grant to them was made.

Another issue looming up in bold relief will be the fight that the Democratic party has made in Congress and will continue to make against the plundering alliances known as "Trusts," that are limiting production and raising prices to the consumer. The Republican has been the friendly ally of the capitalists who control these combinations, and it has only been lately that the President of the Republican League has issued a circular calling upon this body of gentlemen to contribute to the success of the Republican cause, saying that they "needed money, and that they needed it badly." These "Trusts" are not founded for humane or philanthropic purposes; their sole object being to keep prices at a given standard and to suppress competition. We know how well they have succeeded, and how short a time it takes for them to realize enormous profits upon their investments. So much can be said upon this subject and its importance as a party issue in the coming cam-

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paign that we can only refer to it generally now. It is true that several of the leaders of the Republican party in the House of Representatives have declared their opposition to these dangerous schemes of centralized capital; but when they were brought down to details, and asked to define against what particular trusts they were willing to direct their hostility, they seemed one and all to concentrate upon the "Sugar Trust," evidently upon the ground and for the reason that by reducing the duty upon raw sugar, there will be no further necessity of taking any other duties off, as these duties would equal the whole of the tariff reduction in the present bill before Congress.

These are a few of the questions that will shortly be submitted to the people. There are other issues, known as feigned issues, that will be continued to be forced to the front by the Republican party in order to divert and detract public attention from the genuine issues that are involved. Under the lead of a demagogue like Foraker and a bitter partisan like Ingalls, we may expect to have the dead issues of the war resurrected, and the South arraigned for numerous misdeeds of which it is guiltless, and charged with a want of patriotism which it possesses in common and in an equal degree with every other section of our country. All conflicts of opinion upon political questions that were evoked by the war have been buried, and the man who attempts to bring them to life is an enemy to the people, and will inevitably be swept down in the tide of public opinion that will rise above partisan clamor and submerge the noisy patriots who are now preparing to institute another campaign of this character. There may be economic questions that divide different sections and commonwealths of this land, but in a feeling of loyalty and love for our institutions, each one joins willing hands and hearts with the other.

ISIDOR RAYNER.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

QUEER WORDS.

In Mr. Day's remarks in last month's Review he treats "brottus" as a word peculiar to the city of Savannah, Georgia. In the island of Jamaica the negroes use almost the same word in exactly the same sense. If a negro buys half a dozen bananas he commonly demands one more "*for brata*," —*i. e.* (to use the old English phrase), "*to boot.*" The "a" in *brata* has the full, broad Italian sound, as in "malo" or "baccio." I think we need hardly go so far as the African dialects to find an origin for this word. *Piccaniany*, a common West Indian negro word, is evidently from the Portuguese *Pequeninho*—*little one*, and *fetish* is traced to *feiticheira*, the Portuguese for "hocus-pocus." It seems probable that *brata* is a corruption of the Portuguese (and Spanish) *barato*—*cheap*. The Portuguese, having been the first European people to open intercourse with the negro races, may reasonably be supposed to have left these traces of their influence on the first essays of the negroes to speak the various languages of the whites.

Ewan Macpherson.

II.

PERSONNEL OF THE STAGE.

It is an accepted scientific truth that motion, not rest, is the normal condition of all matter throughout the universe. This truth seems to carry with it, as a necessary corollary, the additional fact that all motion is progressive. This law, and all that is dependent upon it, governs the world of ethics also. There is, whether in matter or morals, no recession; what appears such is illusive merely, as in the case at certain times of the apparent motions of some of the heavenly bodies. The world we live upon—the men and women we live among—are progressing toward a higher and nobler plane. We are growing better, notwithstanding the discouraging views of pessimism. A clever phrase-maker has spoken of "the fierce white light that beats upon the throne," but such illumination is not comparable to the penetrating interest and searching curiosity with which the public eye regards the actor; and it is a peculiarity of this interest and curiosity that it delights more in magnifying the faults and blemishes of unwise or unfortunate individuals than in noting the merits and virtues of the mass of the profession.

The old English statute which placed upon actors the stigma of vagabondage found an echo in the enactments of many a council-board and in the warnings

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of many pulpits in Puritan New England. But gradually, as preachers and lawmakers became wiser, the stigma of vagabondage has been left so far behind in our onward movement, as to seem bigoted and cruel, and as degrading to the men who perpetrated that outrage upon an honest and honorable vocation, as was the infliction of torture and death by courts and inquisition, upon those who were so far in advance of the ignorance of their times as to incur the enmity of intolerance, whether in the field of science, as Galileo, or in religion, as Spinoza and the martyrs. Standing, as we do, in the bright and strengthening light of broader and more catholic views, we may now regard such enactments and the spirit of the times that made them possible, as landmarks that show, as we look back over the dark valley that man has traversed, how much further and higher we have progressed.

With the awakening of more charitable judgment, this once branded class have also advanced with us, until they now challenge our respect for their uprightness of character and our admiration for the brilliancy with which they reflect some of the highest and noblest qualities of humanity. As a class, their lives are as clean (perhaps cleaner), as honorable (perhaps more honorable), as worthy of all commendation and emulation, as any other. It is a fact that they figure less often as offenders against the laws than any other class of like numbers. It is their pride and boast that none of their calling have ever been convicted of a felony. And their numbers are greater, perhaps, than most of my readers may imagine. It is estimated that there are in the United States about five thousand persons pursuing the vocation of actors of plays—one-third of the number being women. The average dramatic company comprises this proportion of the sexes—two-thirds men, one-third women. This calculation does not include the large number of quasi-actors belonging to the minstrel and variety branches of the great "show" business; nor does it include circus people; nor the large army of theatrical employés of various kinds not seen by the public upon the stage, outnumbering the actual acting people. It comprises only actors proper, who represent the dramatis personæ of plays.

As in all classes and all vocations, there are "black sheep" to be found among our friends of the stage; but, as a whole, the personnel of the dramatic profession among us to-day is highly creditable to the influences of their art, and protests loudly and eloquently against the idea that such influence is detrimental to purity and elevation of character, correct principles and blameless lives. But I go further: I claim that its influence is unqualifiedly beneficial and ennobling.

E. M. Day.

III.

MODERN GLASS HOUSES.

In law a man's own hearthstone is assumed to be his citadel. In all the rights and equities of the natural man, the privacy of his personal and family life stands foremost. Yet there is no right more continually and recklessly violated, more deliberately assailed, and less adequately protected. It is at the mercy of a great power, which is tireless in its inquisition and without scruple in its use of instruments. The public press as a tyrannic force for good and evil, both in social and political matters, is without peer. Journalism is organized curiosity. Its business in part is to drag secret and unknown things into the glare of sunlight. It assumes the right to decide whether such enlightenment is for the public benefit. Yet there are few cases known where irresponsible power, working under the pretence of the public good, hesitates to subserve personal gain or ambition. The very possession of great power is a fatal temptation to its

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use. The newspaper usurps the function of judge, jury and executioner, and often adds to these the offices of the police detective and prosecuting attorney. Can it not be said, then, that men and women now-a-days live in glass houses? And this, too, at the expense not only of being bombarded with stones, but of suffering the insidious assault of the spy, the eavesdropper and the euphemistically named news-gatherer. The glass through which he peers is anything but a transparent medium. It becomes a lens that distorts and perverts the things behind it.

The best men in journalism are not proof against the taint of its bad tendencies. Neither are its worst men unblessed with the occasional exercise of its nobler functions. The system is the criminal, and moulds its members. All that can be generalized is that honorable journalists, on the whole, try to practice the better side of the profession, and that the unprincipled avail themselves to the full of its dangerous powers. If it were not that, great as is the oppression entailed by the tyranny of journalism, it carries with it so many benefits, the burden would be unbearable.

Every great political canvass demonstrates the evils to which savage and unscrupulous partisanship exposes the man who is a victim of party nomination. No charge is considered too vile to hurl against him. His whole life is turned inside out. Peccadilloes and blunders are magnified into the gravest sins. Substance of accusation lacking, indictments are spun out of the most attenuated material. No serpent's fang is more venomous than that of the human cobra, whose den is in the newspaper office. One needs but to recur to the last Presidential campaign. The vindictive filth, so freely bandied on both sides, if put permanently on record in book form, would find itself under the ban of Anthony Comstock. The mask of anonymity under which the newspaper machinery works is like the "Lion's Mouth" in mediæval Venice, a shield behind which the pigmy's hand out of the dark can stab the giant. The nominal responsibility under the law of libel an unscrupulous newspaper chief laughs at. The average futility of a suit against a powerful journal makes it a safe hazard, not to be weighed against value as a popular advertisement. A gentleman quoted to the writer a remark of the late Roscoe Conkling: "The thief breaks into your house, steals your watch and goes to Sing Sing. The newspaper man breaks into the casket which contains your most precious treasure, your reputation, and he passes unscathed before the law."

Aside from the more violent phases of newspaper assault on the individual, the interference with private rights is often an impertinence. The reporter does not limit his attentions to the politician who invites an interview; to the household which glories in seeing its social life blazoned in print. The cynicism born of daily use makes him distrust the existence of reticence, dignity, and self-respect. The reporter who earns the highest salary is the pachyderm—shameless to rebuff, callous even to the toe of the boot. Everything that is becomes grist to augment his total on the weekly pay roll. Nothing is sacred to him, if he thinks it would give a fillip to public curiosity. This feature of journalism works more widespread annoyance than the other, though its qualitative evil is less gross. I hardly think that any high minded journalist will brand these charges with overstatement. Indeed, the eminent men in the profession deplore the facts, which give them substance. But the evils belong to the system. The public have been educated up (?) to the pungent, personal, racy paragraph. And as a journalist you must please the biggest public, if you would make the balance sheet blaze with dividends in six figures. So men and women must try to exist patiently in their glass houses, trusting to a coming time when the noble functions of journalism will survive their alliance with so much that is petty, irritating, and offensive.

JOHN DUDLEY.

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IV.

PRACTICE *vs.* THEORY *in re* "HENRY GEORGEISM."

MR. GEORGE KENNAN in his "Siberian" article just published in the current number of the *Century*, incidentally emphasizes certain facts which have significance relative to the Henry George land theory. Mr. George regards government possession of land as the specific cure for social and industrial evils. He proposes to accomplish this by taxing land to the full rental value as the most convenient method of attaining the ideal. The end, however, is the extinction of private ownership, as all nominal title to land would in the end be destroyed after the substance of its value had ceased to exist. The difficulty of appraising the exact or even the proximate working of a theory in practice, is much lessened if we have analogous facts to use as weights in the scales. Let us then revert to Mr. Kennan's observations of the land system in Western Siberia.

This vast district is described as being in many aspects a veritable Garden of Eden. A splendid climate, equal to that of the most favored parts of the United States or Europe, plains of great fertility, grand water ways, and all the general conditions are on the side of agriculture and the prosperity of the tillers of the soil. Most of the peasants and farmers are either voluntary settlers or the descendants of convicts who have regained civil rights.

In this magnificent region there is a complete absence of fences, farm houses, or any buildings, outside of the villages. Cattle are inclosed in the common village pasture instead of in fenced fields outside. The Siberian peasant will not build a farm-house because he does not own the land. Mr Kennan writes:

> "With a few exceptions all of the land in Siberia belongs to the crown. The village communes enjoy the usufruct of it, but they have no legal title, and cannot dispose of it nor reduce any part of it to individual ownership. All they have the power to do is to divide it up among their members by periodical allotments, and to give to each head of a family a sort of tenancy at will Every time there is a new allotment the several tracts of arable land held by the crown may change tenants. So that if an individual should build a house or a barn upon the tract of which he was the temporary occupant, he might, and probably would, be forced, sooner or later, to abandon it. The result of this system of land tenure and this organization of society is to segregate the whole population in villages, and to leave all of the intervening land unsettled."

Even the villages are shabby and cheerless, and signs of enterprise, comfort and taste are conspicuous by their absence. Such is the picture drawn by Mr. Kennan. Substracting from the sum total the operation of the other agencies involved in Russian mal-administration, enough is left to illustrate the results of the government ownership of land and the death of individual right in real property. Mr. George would claim that this is an unfair way of stating the probable outcome of his theory as put in operation. But it is difficult to parry the sequence of the ultimate extinction of title with the loss of the substantial value of ownership, and a systematic paternalism on the part of government. It goes without saying that the results of such a land system would vary in minor details, according to the social and political conditions of different peoples. But in all there would be this common factor, the shrinkage of individual ambition and energy, in the improvement of property to its minimum.

The Siberian analogy from Mr. Kennan's *Century* article, then, while it does not carry an exactly fitting logic for other countries and governments, is suggestive, and in some degree illuminating The extraordinary prosperity of the United States does not find its main source in its cities, its manufacturers, and its commerce, great affluents as these are. We must rather seek it in the vigor and energy of its usual life and occupation. The other things follow as concomitants.

G. T. FERRIS.

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V.

ON A SCIENTIFIC SPECIFIC FOR INTEMPERANCE

IN the light of the recent results of pathological research, there is determined to be a modification of the sweeping and oft-heard statement that the excessive use of alcohol beverages conduces to procure injury to the health. In point of fact the statement is not true of all alcoholic liquors. If they are charged with fusel oil, their use tends to cause disease of the cerebral convolutions, which disease may eventuate in insanity, or may be but one of the symptoms of some affection of the special senses. If, however, the beverages are free of the obnoxious oil, there is not produced any such effect. In other words alcoholic liquors made impure by fusel oil (amylic alcohol) poison the brain, and induce "amylism;" but such liquors, containing pure ethylic alcohol to exclusion of that which is amylic, merely excite the cerebral functions, inducing the condition known as "ethylism."

This is proved both directly and indirectly. If two puppies are fed, the one on the whisky of the saloons, and the other on the purest product of distillation, the autopsy of the former will show a diseased brain, while the brain of the latter will be found to be normal. Again, a century ago men drank larger quantities of rum than they can now, and found no harm, all because the old-fashioned liquor had none of the modern deleterious character.

In view of these facts, and of the human inclination toward indulgence in alcoholic drinks, it remains for social science to notably contribute to the cause of temperance by making provision against amylism by means of the media of the condition of ethylism. The time demands, not the prohibition of the manufacture, sale, and use of all alcoholic liquors, but the substitution of the ethylic for the amylic acohol, of exhilarant for toxic action, of liquors that will not inebriate for those that produce alcoholic drunkenness.

The ills of intemperance can be entirely avoided by abstinence from liquors vile with fusel oil, and by the use,—either moderate or excessive,—of those that are free from it. If men will drink alcoholic beverages, let them be those which are pure, and, by reason of their purity, will not be a factor in the ruin of body and soul. Let the cupidity of the manufacturer and dealer be checked by a law which shall make it a crime to produce, sell or use the poisonous liquors; and let encouragement be given to those who shall undertake to provide pure ethylic alcoholic beverages, harmless to the brain, medicinal in value, deficient in toxicity. Such prohibition, married with such encouragement, will appoint the only scientific specific for the evil of intemperance.

WILLARD H. MORSE, M. D.

VI.

THAT CHINESE WALL.

THE American free-trader is a paid or "honorary" political district messenger, who delivers the messages and does the errands of the English Cobden Club. When the Cobden Club takes snuff the American free-trader is forced to use his bandanna. He has a hard job, at times, poor fellow, to reconcile the obvious self-evident interest of England and of other foreign powers to invade our markets without hindrance or toll with the equally obvious self-evident fact that such an invasion would operate to the detriment of American manufacturers, American workmen, American homes, and every development of American welfare. It would compel the American citizen to defray all the expenses of maintaining the American governments—Municipal, State and Federal—*all* indispensible to the maintenance of the American market—and yet give the untaxed foreigner the same advantage as the heavily taxed American therein.

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In further return for the advantages of access to the American market, the American citizen, in times of national danger, can be forced, when he does not volunteer, to enter the army and do battle for the maintenance of the national existence—if need be to be stabbed, cut, thrust or killed in its defense. Even when he is not thus forced to risk his life for America, the American producer, by the circumstances of his life, is necessarily forced to invest *all* his earnings—to the ultimate dollar—in the ways best calculated to increase American national prosperity—in cultivating lands, in building houses, in employing labor, in supporting schools, churches, and libraries; in a word, in investing all his profits in the country that enabled him to realize them. The foreign producer, on the other hand, although in time of war he would be taxed to pay for the hostile armies and fleets that would threaten our coasts, although he might even be forced to enter these hostile armies and fleets, although in time of peace he spends every shilling of his profits in a foreign land, and in competitive efforts to destroy our industries—this alien freebooter, according to the theories of our Cobden Club Messenger Corps, should be allowed to enjoy, *without* cost, all the advantages enjoyed, at infinite cost, by the patriotic American citizen! There is only one good thing about American free trade, and that is its name—and that is either stolen or half finished—for it is not free trade that they advocate, but foreign freebooters' trade—the demand of our rivals and enemies to reap where they have not sown, to exploit the Republic that they cannot overturn, to welcome commercial unlicensed *Alabamas* to our ports, while taxing American vessels to maintain these ports!

Even the sanction of religion is sought to be thrown over this insensate folly. Christianity teaches us to welcome the repentant prodigal by killing the fatted calf, but it certainly does not order us to give him all the veal! The sons who have never sinned surely are entitled to sit at the head of the table.

When their selfish theories are refuted, either by logic or facts, the Cobden Club Messenger Corps invariably run to their wall—the "Chinese wall." "Oh! you want to build a Chinese wall around the country," they say. No; we protectionists only desire to keep out burglars and sneak thieves from our homes! All civilization is based on a "Chinese wall." Every Christian gentleman, as soon as he can afford it, secures a small portion of the planet and builds "a Chinese wall" around it. He calls it his home! While he is quite willing to recognize all the obligations of his faith, he rigorously and not selfishly excludes from this home every one but his own family and friends. He not only does not admit the equal right of the rest of mankind to an equal occupancy of the territory thus enclosed, but he is ready, and is authorized by civilization, to repel to the death any attempt on the part of others to enter it. This is protection—*not* free trade. Nor does his adherence to the beneficent policy of protection and with the building of a "Chinese wall" around his lot. By his conduct he repudiates the brutal creed of free trade—that we ought to "buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest." Under this rule, he would turn out into the street his wife and daughters because by substituting hirelings he could secure such domestic services as his wife and daughters render at a cheaper money rate. Yet Bridget, clad in cotton and calico, is *not* substituted for the daughter clad in silk and fine linens. There are higher duties than to achieve cheapness. American protectionists recognize the fact that their first, chief and supreme duty is to take care of their own countrymen against all rivals; that cheap goods do not represent the best results of statesmanship; that it would be buying the whistle too dear to purchase cheap foreign fabrics at the expense of transforming an intelligent and important class of citizens into ragged and dependent "hands," or "hinds," or wandering and discontented tramps.

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Did it ever occur to the Cobden messenger boys who deride the "Chinese wall policy" that China has accomplished a feat that no other civilization ever achieved —that she has maintained her national unity for over 35 centuries at least, and has seen all the classical civilization rise, fall, and disappear? Wong Chin Foo, may be, could turn this sneer at the citizens of a nation whose wisest men failed to form a union that could last for one hundred years. For, as one of your contributors has well remarked, *this* Union is not the Union of the Fathers, but the Union of the Boys in Blue. The amendments, while they nominally corrected and certainly improved the old Constitution, in point of fact established a new Union.

JOHN BALL, JR.

VII.

PERENNIAL EATING HOUSES.

ONE of the most perplexing minor questions of personal conduct that confront dwellers in great cities is in regard to sidewalk charity. Every well-dressed man or woman is perpetually asked for a few cents to aid a hungry or thirsty fellow mortal, and all the world knows that alms so bestowed are, as a rule, misapplied. The organized bureaus of charity have done much to correct abuses in this direction, but they do not as yet meet all the difficulties in the case. One may give a ticket to an applicant, but unless he accompanies it with a car fare the hungry man or woman may have to walk miles before reaching the bureau, and cannot, even then, count upon immediate relief. In this city there are several establishments which issue meal tickets, but they are widely scattered, and the tickets issued by one are not received at the others. Most of them, moreover, are closed at a comparatively early hour in the evening, and the needy are rather more likely to ask for aid under cover of darkness than during business hours. It affords small satisfaction to a soft-hearted soul when he turns away an apparently hungry beggar with a ticket that is not available until after seven o'clock the next morning. Almost every one, probably, solves the problem in the easiest way, and gives money when the case really seems urgent.

Now, it seems to me that there is a comparatively simple way of meeting the necessities of the case, and of establishing at the same time a class of eating-houses that will be in most cases self-supporting or even profitable. Some one of them will be within easy walking distance of any part of the city, and all of them will be available at any and all hours, not only for the needy but for unprotected women, and for strangers who know not where to go. In every large city the police stations are located each in its own district, and they are rarely more than a mile apart. They are open all day and all night. They are already provided with sleeping quarters for the homeless, and they are usually in a region which would be pretty sure to afford sooner or later a class of regular customers. The policemen themselves would probably contribute largely to the support of a plain, cleanly restaurant established close at hand, where good food could be obtained at the lowest possible rate. The proximity of the police station is an important feature of this plan, for it assumes immunity from disorder or violence, and the eating-houses might safely be intrusted to women, so easily might aid be summoned in case of need. Naturally the meal-ticket system would be adopted for the charitable part of the work. The tickets would be available at any and all of the stations, and if a percentage of them were worn out, thrown away, or never used, so much the better for the profit and loss account. It is quite possible that some such plan as this has been suggested before, but I am not aware that the important feature of all-night service has been considered in its special relations to the police precincts. Of course the adjustment of tours of duty for

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the attendants would be arranged somewhat after the order of "watches" on shipboard, and experience would soon indicate the hours at which calls would be made, and their average number in any given locality. Under judicious administration, it would seem that such a system could be made self-supporting almost at once, and perhaps lodging rooms and other needed ameliorations of city life might follow in due course. As an evidence of what can be done in an out-of-the-way locality, I may specify the New York Fruit and Flower Mission, which has a large restaurant just across the way from Bellevue Hospital, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street. It is such a model of cleanliness and good order, although frequented by all sorts of rough characters, that the hospital attendants, doctors, nurses and the rest find it a most acceptable resort, while the prices are so moderate, and the bill of fare so excellent, that even an habitué of Delmonico's might be temporarily reformed if he could be induced to pay the place a visit.

THOMAS CARY PITKIN.

VIII.

"LEARNING TO WRITE ENGLISH."

THE school-master is willing to learn. No class of people interests and disappoints him more than the self-constituted advisers, who, from the outside, delight in telling him how and how not to teach.

If school-masters should set about advising railroad magnates, bankers and second hand dealers how to manage their business, and should undertake to instruct lawyers, doctors and literary people how to follow their professions, we might be able to afford some interesting reading, make ourselves ridiculous and call forth unlimited indignation. We would probably hear something about the traditional "shoe-maker sticking to his last," and be reminded in forcible terms to confine our genius to our own affairs. Being docile, and having a little of that rare commodity called sense of propriety, and endowed with an appreciation of the ludicrous, we do not retaliate.

The critics of public school methods of instruction usually have a small but useful idea to promulgate; a little logic and much flourish of rhetorical trumpets. To give striking effects to their invectives they indulge in lurid statements that originate in a misconception of the facts, immature judgment or in a disordered, imagination. To accept these criticisms as true to the facts would brand the teachers of this country as imbeciles, as densely stupid and persistently ignorant of the demands of their calling.

In the May REVIEW is a caustic article under the title standing at the head of this communication. Doubtless it is conclusive to the writer. The other side is entitled a hearing. The contributor asserts that a "thing, the simplest in the world, which is entirely neglected in our public schools," is spelling at dictation. The educational value of writing to dictation, so clearly and logically stated by the author, is recognized by teachers everywhere. Every educational paper for ten years has been full of devices, exercises and directions for dictation spelling; every respectable course of study, every work on the science of pedagogy, every school report emphasizes the importance of this line of work.

When your contributor asserts "It is the reading-book, not the spelling-book, that should be used to learn to spell," he reiterates an error once popular but long since exploded. A few years ago a crusade against the spelling-book swept over this country. For some time teachers, superintendents and boards of education worried along without it. All sorts of expedients were employed. Partisan friends of the movement watched eagerly for the results that they had predicted.

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Disappointment and disaster attended this experiment and spasm of reform. Spelling, and all the school work of which it is the basis, deteriorated alarmingly. To-day the spelling-book in some form is back in the schools; nor will it be banished again while the present race of teachers lasts. Careful experimentation, close observation and enlightened experience have established the spelling-book as an educational necessity.

The same article calls the spelling of word lists a "stupid practice." The plan is less popular and prevalent than formerly. But I am easily skeptical after all, whether dictation and sentence work are accomplishing far better results than the old fashioned oral and written spelling of lists of words. To say the least it is modest and wise in us to be conservative in our assertions that any particular method is *the* method in spelling, or, indeed, in any branch of educational work. Nowadays the pupil catches the drift of the meanings of words from the way in which they are used in the sentence or context, and is prone to be satisfied with that. In the olden times new and abstract words created curiosity as to their meaning and use, which was satisfied only by the teacher or dictionary. Take the word *phthisis* quoted by our critic as an illustration, the peculiar orthography was sufficient to make a pupil anxious to know what it meant, whether an animal, a disease, or something to eat or wear. In the sentence, he died of phthisis, after a long and painful illness, the child knows at once that it is a malady likely to prove fatal, and gives the word no further thought. If, however, our pupil failed to learn at the times just what the word meant, his attention was arrested the instant he heard or saw it used; he recognized an old offender; perhaps he got a "head mark" or was "spelled down" by that word. "Parallel" went round our class when I was a small boy. The spelling and the meaning of that word were forever fixed in my mind. So *austere, cimeter, cemetery, chamomile*, and scores of words that decimated our ranks or "spelled the whole school down," come to me as I pen these lines.

"There is no surer way of making a simpleton of a boy than by drilling him for a 'spelling match,'" says our friend. Not an inconsiderable amount of spelling was learned in that way. It also taught the boy to think while on his feet; to be calm and collected in his ideas in a crisis; to be quick to decide and act, for he took the word almost before "next" was called; rivalry stirred the ambition of more than one sluggish soul; victory awakened the sense of achievement in many a mind unconscious of its powers. To place every letter in "*metempsychosis*" quickly and accurately was a drill in attention to details that has given many a man a grasp upon complicated and perplexing affairs. The memory may be "the poorest of faculties," but too few ever reach that plane of intellectuality where they can rely upon a prompt and unerring memory.

Webster's spelling-book is called the "stupidest and most meaningless book in existence." It is full of dictation and reading exercises; is that the reason? I have heard many people acknowledge gratefully their obligations to the old "elementary spelling-book," not alone for its aid in spelling, but for its proverbs and sentiments which influenced their lives. No single-handed critic can ever pile such epithets deep enough upon the "old blue-back" to detract one iota from the reverent regard with which it is held.

F. B. GAULT.

IX.

POSTAL SAVINGS BANKS AND TELEGRAPHS.

THERE is no sentiment so widely spread and so deeply rooted among the workingmen of America, whether organized or unorganized, as the sentiment against monopolies. It is so intense that it may be regarded as an ineradicable prejudice

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or instinct. No recognized representative of any great corporate interest has any chance of election to any official position of high trust and honor, if he must depend on the popular vote to reach it. Why this widespread spirit of antagonism to corporations? Because, as a rule, corporations have not regarded the privileges accorded to them by legislation as public trusts, nor themselves as public servants, but have exercised the power of taxation without representation conferred upon them by charter in the most selfish and despotic spirit regardless of the public interest. What is the remedy? Clearly that no special privileges shall hereafter be granted to individuals; that all laws shall be general laws; that "private bills" shall be utterly abolished, and that wherever any business by its very nature demands a monopoly—as railroads, and telegraphs—then that that business shall either be exclusively performed or effectively curtailed by the State. There is no socialism in this demand—now made by nearly all the labor organizations in this country, and it is noteworthy that the cry of "centralization" raised against it comes exclusively from the servants or beneficiaries of corporations, or from the Rip Van Winkles of the Chair, whose political philosophy is founded on those facts of the last century and of a practically extinct civilization.

Every civilized nation in the world except the United States owns its telegraph system, and everywhere the telegraph system is conducted better and at less cost to the public than in the United States. Here we are absolutely helpless against the impositions of a small group of monopolists, for there is no effective competition possible in telegraphing. It should be an adjunct to the post office, which, as experience has shown, is done more cheaply, and with greater perfection of business methods, than *any* private business in the country. Why should millions be annually needlessly drawn from the people to enrich individuals when the telegraph could be managed at cost and more efficiently by the Government? If this suggestion is "socialistic," then the governments of all Europe are socialistic to this extent.

Government or postal saving banks have also been established by England, Belgium, France, Italy, Holland, and in India, Canada and the Argentine Republic, and they have been productive of infinite good to the working classes in promoting savings. A similar system has been advocated by the Senior Senator of New York, and a bill introduced into Congress to established it. Let it pass.

HENRY MELROSE.

X.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

IT seems hitherto to have escaped the attention of philosophers who like to speculate upon social phenomena and the thousand and one manifestations of social evolution, their effects and causes, drawing all manner of strange and curious deductions from what they see or imagine—it seems to have escaped these gentry that in the very popular and widespread use of aerated waters we have an illustration of popular feeling, and an instructive sign of the times. People like these bubbling waters because their effervescence lends a certain life and freshness to what might otherwise be insipid and ordinary; and this liking is only a manifestation of the same spirit, which finds life itself flat, stale, and unprofitable, if it be not agitated and eventful, even though the agitation and eventfulness are wholly due to artificial causes.

The tastes and habits of people speak more truly of their characters than whole libraries of volumes of speculative philosophy, and when we find a new trade brought into existence by a popular demand, and not due to any new discovery in the sciences and arts, we may at once be sure that the characteristics of

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such a people have in some way changed from the characteristics of their ancestors. Our grandparents knew of aerated waters, and some of them visited at and imbibed from those natural aerated fountains which bubble up from the earth in all parts of the world; and chemistry had also reproduced these springs. But in spite of this knowledge aerated water was not a popular drink. Our ancestors were too steady and sober-minded to like this artificial titilation of the palate. The manufacture of the soda-water fountain and the aerated siphon was left to our less contented and novelty-loving age—left, until the desire for something exciting, something new, became a national characteristic—left to a generation which objects to water, and to life itself, unless impregnated with artificial flavor, and artificially pumped full of something that causes it to seethe and bubble.

GEOFFREY CHAMPLIN.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PERHAPS it is expecting too much to look for a thorough and exhaustive biography of Mr. Beecher within little more than a year after his death. He was so remarkable a man from almost every point of view, that twelve months of continuous work even by an experienced literary toiler, with the materials mostly ready to his hand, would scarce suffice to do full justice to the subject. The volume recently issued by Websters,* though of respectable dimensions and filled with interesting details, yet bears marks of condensation as to matter and haste in composition which will disappoint many, but which nevertheless could hardly have been avoided under the circumstances. Still another criticism *in limine* is that such a biography as the public have a right to expect could not in the nature of the case be written by members of Mr. Beecher's family. Doubtless his wife, his son, and his son-in-law had such exceptional opportunities of observing the father and the husband as would make their contributions to a standard work most acceptable, but their estimate and verdict in many points must necessarily be partial, their ideas of what should and should not be published, their judgments as to Mr. Beecher's public and private actions and contact with men and affairs, can scarcely be regarded as judicial. A study of Mr. Beecher's life, character, and works is a task worthy of the most thorough treatment by minds not only capable of understanding the man but also absolutely unbiased by personal and family feelings. Perhaps it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find a biographer of Mr. Beecher. If he had died soon after the termination of the great war, or immediately after the celebration of the Plymouth "silver wedding," the selection would have been comparatively easy.

The above remarks seem called for in explanation of several features about this book, which have subjected it to a great deal of adverse criticism in certain quarters. It must be remembered that this is avowedly a "family history" of Beecher. It is a tribute of reverence and affection by his own kith and kin, and in part, a continuation of an autobiography which he had begun to write, and on which a contract had been made with the publishers a short time before his death. For reasons which seem to us perfectly rational the family of Mr. Beecher wished the public to know the story of his life as he and they might tell it. Such a book on such a man could not be otherwise than partial, but might not be less interesting and even valuable, from this standpoint. Taking up the volume with this understanding of its purport, it is only just to state that it is rich in its collection of facts, and bears evidence of singular industry and devotion on the part of its compilers. Should the real "Life and Works of Beecher" ever be written, a large

* "Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher." By Wm. C. Beecher and Rev. Samuel Scoville, assisted by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

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part of this book might be quoted verbatim, and the remainder would deserve careful perusal by the writer of a more pretentious biography.

The first six chapters deal with Mr. Beecher's ancestry and early life and surroundings, and a great deal is told in his own words. Much is not new, but it is very charming reading and very naturally told. We can well picture young Henry at school learning grammar. "Now, Henry, *a* is the definite article, and must be used with a singular noun. You can say *a man* but you can't say *a men*, can you?" "Yes, I can; father always says '*amen*' at the end of his prayers." The Calvinistic training to which he was subjected in early life and its influence upon him are depicted with candor. He says: "I never had the remotest idea of God except that he was a sovereign who sat with a sceptre in his hand, and had his eye on me, and said, 'I see you and I am after you!'" But the home influences of his youth were far from gloomy, notwithstanding their strong Puritanism.

The period from his entrance to college life until his call to Brooklyn is disposed of in four chapters. Two chapters are given to his early experiences in his new pastoral field, and then follow ten chapters concerning his more distinctively public career as the champion of the slave, supplemented by a chapter on the "silver wedding." Three chapters are devoted to the great scandal, and whatever may be said about the policy of introducing so unsavory a topic into these family memoirs, it seems to us that the compilers of this history had no choice. In their view it was from first to last a great conspiracy, in which truth came out victorious, though at terrible cost. To blot out events of such momentous interest in Mr. Beecher's life is impossible, and to attempt to ignore them would therefore be foolish. Perhaps less might have been written without detriment to the history, but some allowance must surely be made for the warmth and zeal of an advocacy sustained by such tender, and powerful sentiments and convictions.

The rest of the book—chapters 27 to 32—concerns itself with the later personal history of Mr. Beecher, with sketches and estimates of the man from various point of view. His home life in the city and country are well described, and the closing chapter gives an account of his last journey to England, and of his sickness and death.

We wish that greater care had been taken in the matter of the illustrations. The portrait in the frontispiece is very fine, but many of the other pictures are rather mean affairs. On the whole, the book is one of singular interest, and will, we think, grow in public favor.

II.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

THE first volume of the life and letters of George Perkins Marsh,* edited by his wife, appears in a handsome and substantial dress. The contents are slightly disappointing, partly because the most important period in the life of this distinguished scholar and diplomat, namely, his residence as United States Minister in Italy, is barely mentioned in the close of the volume, and its consideration reserved for the second volume. The record of the life of a literary man, unless closely connected with leading historical events or brilliantly irradiated by the light of genius, is unfrequently of sufficient interest to warrant extension beyond a single volume. And, although Mr. Marsh holds a high and worthy position among the men of his time, and has made valuable contributions to the etymology and history of our language, it may be questioned whether this work of nearly five

*"Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh." Compiled by Caroline Crane Marsh. In two volumes. Vol. I. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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hundred pages ought not to contain all that this literature-ridden age will find time to read.

In George Perkins Marsh sturdy New England parentage and education combined to produce an upright, intelligent, substantial man. In the Senate Chamber at Washington Mr. Marsh ably represented his State during Mr Polk's presidency, and at once allied himself with men of integrity and influence, and was the recognized supporter of all philanthropic and patriotic measures The period of his Washington life was enriched by private linguistic study and research, and by the acquaintance of men of affairs from other countries. Following this came the appointment as Minister to Turkey, residence in Constantinople, and extended travels in Europe and the East. The only literary work of importance, noted in this volume, is the series of lectures on the English language, which, delivered at the Old Union Theological Seminary on University Place, and afterwards revised for publication, have a value too well known to render comment necessary.

An extended appendix contains some valuable matter, including a scholarly address on Human Knowledge, delivered to the Massachusetts Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, in 1847, and a speech on the Mexican War, in the House of Representatives, the year following.

III.

MAXIMINA.

IN a certain sense, "Maximina" * is intensely realistic. The plot is simple; the incidents few and easily foreseen. The chief interest lies in the development of the characters, and these are admirably sketched, and quite the same as those with which one's fancy peoples the land of the Alhambra. The stately dons, and fascinating signoricas, and the sly, merciless villain, all appear in correct Spanish garb. The foremost figure, however, sweet Maximina herself, is not the voluptuous lace-crowned beauty, sitting in her *galerie* of roses and wickedly flirting from behind her fan. Maximina is a shy, delicate, modest maiden, whose attributes are rather those of the North and West. She has abundance of reserve force, however, and a degree of conscientiousness quite foreign to the feminine Spaniard of the ordinary romance. Possibly the similarity of name suggests the strong and womanly heroine of "Ramona." Maximina is a feminine Ramona, if such a term may be employed concerning a creation which is not at all masculine. The temptations of Maximina were in a different direction from those of Mrs. Hunt's heroine. The exigencies which made of Ramona a strong and judicious counsellor are wanting in the history of Maximina; but had they arisen, we have confidence in her ability to meet them with praiseworthy discretion. The charm of Maximina's character is quite beyond description or analysis, so delicately human, and so humanly angelic is its delineation. The husband is no worse, perhaps rather better, than most of his class. We never feel quite assured of his constancy until the perplexities of poverty have silenced the evil and nurtured the good that is in him. He contrasts most agreeably with Maximina, and each furnishes an effective background for the other. While the introduction of the villainous Don Alfonso adds to the incident of the book, it certainly detracts from its purity. The coarseness and indelicacy which accompany the recital of the escapades of this clever knave, combined with certain other details which were much better omitted, greatly mar the perfection of this otherwise charming story of Spanish life and character.

* "Maximina" By Don Armando Palacio Valdès. Translated from the Spanish by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell.

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IV.

THE SPELL OF ASHTAROTH.

Of the numerous stories founded on biblical themes, a few only have met with popular favor. "The Spell of Ashtaroth"* will undoubtedly be classed among the few. It consists of a series of brilliant pictures which are thrown upon the canvas with such bold, strong outlines and rich oriental coloring that they appeal to the deepest emotions of the spectator. The semi-tropical country in which the scenes are laid furnishes an admirable background, perhaps, indeed the only one which could fittingly interpret these broad effects.

Adriel, the son of Achan, the Israelite who appropriated and concealed forbidden spoil at the taking of Jericho, attempts to flee with a beautiful maiden of Jericho, whose life he has spared. He is discovered, and with his father's household is condemned to be stoned to death. The three pictures which really constitute the story are the falling of the walls of Jericho; the casting of the lot whereby the offense of the house of Achan is discovered, and the execution of the sentence of death. As a sustained narrative of persons or places, the book cannot be regarded as successful, since all else is subsidiary to these central themes. The colors are laid on with a lavish hand, and the impressions are not easily banished. It may be objected that a somewhat partisan view of the Divine justice is taken by the author. The sole Canaanitish survivor is a beautiful young girl, a devotee of Ashtaroth, it is true, but delineated in all the fascination of youth and beauty, and in pleasing contrast to the rude severity of the conquering Hebrew. The stern facts about the worshipers of the goddess offering human sacrifices, blood-thirsty and fiendish in their cruel and impure rites, and naught but foul blots on the face of the earth, are entirely overlooked. However, the author is not dealing with the principles of religious ethics, and he has made a success in the line which he attempted, that of writing a powerful, dramatic, oriental novel.

V.

MISCELLANEOUS.

If that may be called a successful book of travel which awakens in the hearts of its readers eager longings to follow in the footsteps of the voyagers, then may Mrs. Sheldon's recital of the adventures of three Yankee girls in Zulu Land† be classed among the successes of the season. The charm of an agreeable traveling companion largely depends on his adaptability to all possible and impossible circumstances. The three sisters who make the trip to South Africa for the health of one, possess this delightful characteristic in an unusual degree, and travel for five years in and about South Africa, living in odd little inns, riding in coaches and ox wagons with royal contentment, and secure in full measure the object of their journey, with abundance of good times besides. Ostrich and sheep farms, gold and diamond fields are visited, and all sorts of incidents connected with sight-seeing in a strange and tropical country, as well as the methods of carrying on the various industries are vividly and amusingly described. The reader is never weighed down by the consciousness of unpleasant circumstances, which were, of necessity, more or less numerous. Life, or at least the life of travelers in this region, appears to be full of good cheer. The style is bright and captivating throughout.

* "The Spell of Ashtaroth." By Duffield Osborne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "Yankee Girls in Zulu Land." By Louise Vescelius-Sheldon. Illustrated by G. E. Graves, after sketches from life by E. J. Austen. New York: Worthington Co.

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The illustrations, after sketches from real life, are rarely good, and, what is still rarer, have lost nothing in the process of reproduction. The entire outfit of the volume is as attractive to the eye as the contents are to the lovers of travel and adventure.

"Befo' de War" is another delving into a field that is being very thoroughly worked at present, and this time it results in a volume of poems,* the first six of which are from the pen of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, and the remaining score or more the work of Mr. A. C. Gordon. In subject and style there is little variety. There is generally an old negro, devoted to the memory of an old master and "missis" who lived in the roseate days "befo' de war," and he has some story to tell of the glories of that far-away time. It is impossible not to conclude that the poetry of this period has already been sung in prose in much better fashion, and also that a large proportion of the rhyming words in these little verses owe their selection to sound alone. Yet without being especially poetical or novel, the volume is pleasant reading.

Julian Hawthorne seems to delight in sketching out-of-the-way subjects and characters. In this collection of stories† we find a good deal to interest, and not a little to criticise and question. The stories themselves are readable, but scarcely can be called amusing, and are almost without point or purpose. One reads on in the hope of finding something worth reading, and, without being altogether disappointed, closes the book at last with a feeling akin to vexation at having wasted so much time. The clergyman who throws aside his manhood, and becomes a profligate and gamester from the very moment he steps into a fortune, has no existence in reality. The moral descent is altogether too sudden. It takes time to develop so well-finished and consummate a fool as the reverend David Poindexter out of the material of his former self; and moreover, his supposed conversion to piety when his wealth had flown is quite inconsistent with the trickery and deception he practiced to regain possession of a portion of his wasted riches. "Ken's Mystery" is a mere wild dream, and might have been evolved from the fumes of a good hot whiskey punch. The same might be said of "My Friend Paton," if it had any romance in it, which it has not. The other stories have some point about them, and are interesting as psychological studies. That a man should be swayed by a pure but seemingly hopeless passion, and then, when Providence puts him in the way of happiness, should fly from the opening paradise, is so unusual a phenomenon that the explanation of it cannot be uninteresting, and Mr. Hawthorne certainly makes out a case for his hero. On the other hand, that a man of forty, who holds captive the heart of a lovely maiden of half his years, should magnanimously yield her up to "a former attachment," without a struggle, on the ground of disparity of age, and should send his blessing and fifty thousand dollars to the wedding, is quite a respectable peg on which to hang a series of philosophic meditations suitable to middle-aged and wealthy bachelors, but from which they will hardly derive any substantial comfort.

GRIEF, love and immortality are the themes which Mr. Stuart Sterne most frequently chooses in his latest collection of poems.‡ If sometimes sentimental, he

* "Befo' de War." Echoes in negro dialect. By A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† "David Poindexter's Disappearance," and Other Tales. By Julian Hawthorne. D. Appleton & Co.

‡ "Beyond the Shadow, and Other Poems." By Stuart Sterne. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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is oftener the interpreter of rare and beautiful thoughts. The expression is not always of equal merit with the ideas which it seeks to convey, but the true poet nature speaks plainly in the pages, and there is many a gem between the small covers.

From Bybury to Beacon Street* is a desultory discussion of various social and domestic problems in the form of a story. The scene is laid in a dull country village, where some bright people make plans for profitable social recreations in the winter season, and the story goes on its way through thirty-two chapters, evolving very little that is new or entertaining. The multiplicity of uninteresting characters who write interminable letters to each other on trite themes weary the reader, and it is only occasionally that he comes upon a bright saying which recalls to his mind the fact that Mrs. Diaz *has* written some bright books.

A plain, neat edition of Miss Jane Andrews' well-known story,† illustrative of the universal brotherhood of mankind, has just been issued in the series of "Classics for Home and School," and in this modest and inexpensive form it will add to its already wide circle of friends. A memorial of the authoress, prepared by her friend, Louisa Parsons Hopkins, prefaces the story and will be eagerly read by many who have not known of Miss Andrews except as a writer.

Another republication in the same series is Mrs. Horace Mann's Flower People,‡ which first saw the light, if we mistake not, some twenty-five years ago. But the principles of botany which are so happily illustrated in the lives of the crocus, violet, anemone and their sister flower families, are the same now as then, and the little story will find a place in the hearts of all flower-loving children.

In Mr. Blaisdell's scheme for the study of English and American literature,§ biographical details are very wisely made subordinate to the actual products of the author's brain. The massing together of dates and events, usually unimportant in the life of a distinguished writer, yields no harvest to the student beyond the possible strengthening of the memory. The methods which Mr. Blaisdell has briefly outlined in a previous work are here elaborated, and commend themselves as being excellent working models. Selections from the best English and American authors are given, with full directions as to treatment in the class-room, and the systematic and thorough study of the text. The author shows inexcusable lack of taste or judgment in choosing the threadbare selections of well-known writers, and passing by the less familiar but seldom used portions of Scott, Tennyson, Holmes and Hawthorne.

* "Bybury to Beacon Street" By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. D. Lothrop Company.

† "The Seven Little Sisters who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air." With an introduction by Louisa Hopkins Parsons, Supervisor in the Boston Public Schools. Lee & Shepard.

‡ "The Flower People." By Mrs. Horace Mann. Lee & Shepard.

§ "First Steps with American and British Authors" By Albert F. Blaisdell, A. M. Lee & Shepard.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. Appleton & Co.

Ignorant Essays. Richard Dowling.
A Nymph of the West. A Novel. Howard Seely.
A Débutante in New York Society; Her illusions and what became of them. Rachel Buchanan.
The Steel Hammer. A Novel. Louis Ulbach.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Manual of Christian Evidences. Prof. G. P. Fisher, D.D., LL. D.
The Residuary Legatee, or The Posthumous Jest of the late John Austin. F. J. Stimson.

Scribner & Welford.

The Ethic of Freethought. A Selection of Essays and Lectures. Karl Pearson, M. A.

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Shew us the Father.

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Belford, Clarke & Co.

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George Redway, London.

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R. M. Mitchell, Chicago.

The Safe Side. A Theistic Refutation of the Divinity of Christ. R. M. Mitchell.

The Truthseeker Co., New York.

The Bible of Nature; or, The Principles of Secularism. Felix L. Oswald.

Cassell & Co.

The Brown Stone Bay. W. H. Bishop.

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Abraham Lincoln. A Biography for Young People. Noah Brooks.

Hints from a Lawyer, or Legal Advice to Men and Women. Edgar A. Spencer, of the New York Bar.

The Heart of the Creeds. Historical Religion in the Light of Modern Thought. Arthur Wentworth Eaton.

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